

The Run

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The Run

by [Wolfleap](#)

Summary

The Run- a ceremony where all of age unclaimed Omegas are required, by law, to participate. Omegas will run through a forest, usually in wolf form, as Alphas chase them, looking to claim one for a mate.

If you complete the Run as an Omega by making it to the end without being claimed, you have the option to choose between a group of Elite Alphas or to not take a mate at all, going another year unclaimed.

George is well known as the Omega who had completed the Run for two years in a row. He has not chosen a mate yet.

He is who most Alphas want to claim.

Dream, an Alpha, hears of George and after seeing him before the ceremony, he piques an interest for George. He was definitely running this year.

Notes

Hello everyone!

If you're new here, hi, I'm Wofleap. I like to write fics about the Dream Team (minecraft), usually containing smut.

And to returning readers, welcome back!

This fic will include smut but it will be for later chapters. Hopefully I can update this daily but updates will probably be erratic (just whenever I feel like it). The first chapter will be explaining some of the basic things about this AU as it may be confusing for those who had never read a ABO fiction before. If you do have any questions, feel free to comment; I read all comments.

Anyway, enjoy! :)

Au Info

AU Info

Each person has a primary gender (Male/Female) & a secondary gender (Alpha/Beta/Omega). Society is based on this hierarchy system.

Alphas- usually dominant, bigger. They are considered to be society's "leaders". They usually have jobs that involve leadership or business (managers, owners/bosses, directors, etc).

(In this fic, we have "Elite Alphas", which is a title given to certain Alphas. It will be explained in the fic as well but basically they're the upper class Alphas, who are among the very rich or are prominent figures, either military or politics). Alphas have a "knot" at the base of their dicks to ensure the highest rate of pregnancy when mating. Alphas are mostly male. Alpha Females are still able to impregnate & be impregnated.

Betas- most ordinary out of the three subgenres. Have normal everyday jobs, usually under the supervision of Alphas (teachers, your 9-5 office workers, doctors, etc)

Omegas- usually submissive, & smaller in frame. They are looked at as nothing but pup bearers. They don't usually get jobs or get higher education (college/university) and usually become housewives; to care for the pups and clean the house, etc. They have heats once every month that lasts for about a week. Omegas will usually mate during their heat as it is uncomfortable and even painful to not mate during this time.

(In this fic, there are some established Omega rights so they're not treated as complete shit, but doesn't mean that all Alphas will respect them). Omegas are mostly female. Omega Males are still able to be impregnated.

Alphas usually pair/mate with Omegas, as it has the highest chance of having a successful pregnancy. Betas usually pair/mate with other Betas.

Some character info:

George- Omega, age 20

Wolf form: Lean black wolf with bright amber eyes

Darryl- Omega, age 18

Wolf form: Black and brown wolf with pale eyes

Dream- Alpha (Elite), age 18

Wolf form: Large blonde-cream furred wolf

Sapnap- Alpha (Elite), age 19

Wolf form: Dark grey, almost black, furred wolf with white underbelly

Skeppy- Alpha (Elite), age 20

Wolf form: pale blue-grey (steel) wolf with sharp yellow eyes; Elite Alpha

Chapter 1

The Run is a ceremony held on the first of June, where all unclaimed Omegas that are of age are required to participate. This is the ceremony where most Omegas will find their mates. They must run through the forest, usually in wolf form, as Alphas chase them, maneuvering around tough terrain and possibly fighting said Alphas. If caught by an Alpha, the Omega will become their mate- for life.

However, if they make it to the end of the forest, the Omega completers are able to select a mate from a group of Elite Alphas. Elite Alphas were Alphas who come from a high class family, either being rich or having a family member of high political power. These Alphas sit at the end of the forest, waiting for Omega completers, who are deemed to be smart, fast, and strong. Elite Alphas also have the option to run with the other Alphas, but most would prefer to wait for a Omega completer so they could have the best offspring possible.

Though, an Omega completer also has the choice of choosing no mate.

George was an Omega. Despite being a male Omega, he is able to bear offspring like how female Alphas are able to impregnate.

He absolutely hates this tradition - being forced to be mated with a random Alpha for life - but is forced to participate by law. At age twenty, he was able to complete not only his first Run at age eighteen, but a second Run at age nineteen.

George was well known as the Omega who had completed the Run for two years in a row. He was also well known for *not* choosing an Elite Alpha for a mate at the end of the Runs.

He is who most Alphas want to claim.

Today was the first of June. It was the day where the Run was held. George sighed bad temperedly as he sat on a chair in the Omegas' area. There were many Omegas, mostly female, all talking or stretching, warming up for the run.

"Aren't you excited George?"

He turns his head to his friend, Darryl, who looked at him, eyes wide with excitement.

"Not really," he mumbled.

"This is my first run!" Darryl babbled. "I'm so excited but so nervous at the same time. I really hope I get a good mate."

George listens half heartedly. His friend's words going in one ear and out the other. The only thing he was thinking about was making it to the end of the Run for the third year in a row. He knows that he'll have it harder for each year he completes.

Any Omega that completes the run are "strong" and "smart", perfect traits to pass on to future pups. George *knows* that he'll probably be targeted, even more so this year than last.

"Do you think I'll get a good mate?" Darryl asks George, head tilted.

George didn't have the heart to ignore his friend, who was so innocent and kind hearted. "I'm sure you'll get a good Alpha," George says comfortingly. He also didn't have the heart to tell him that

most Omegas don't get a "good" mate- a mate that loved him for being him, not a mate who wanted him so he could bear his pups.

"Do you think you'll complete this year's Run?"

George sighs. "I hope so. But I know I'll have it rough this year. I can tell a lot of Alphas are going to chase me."

"You can do it, George!" Darryl says encouragingly.

"I hope so," he replies. "Why don't you try to complete the Run?"

The other Omega shakes his head. "I know I'm not physically adept for that- but I'll definitely try! I read somewhere that..."

As Darryl rambles on again, George's eyes narrow in suspicion. If he was in wolf form, his hackles would be raised. He turns to look around, eyes darting through the large crowd before shaking his head. He could have sworn he felt eyes on him.

"George?" Darryl calls out, concerned. "Are you okay?"

He runs a hand through his hair. "Yeah..." he replies, smiling gently. "Yeah, I'm fine."

"Omegas, please line up next to the gates. The Run will be starting in five minutes."

George blinks at the sound of the announcement from the loud speakers. It was almost time.

"George," Darryl hesitantly says as they both walk to the gates. "I'm nervous now."

"Don't be," George smiled as comfortingly as he can. "You'll do fine. Just keep running."

"Easy for you to say," the Omega grumbled. "Mister two year completer."

George couldn't help but giggle. "I'll meet you on the other side okay? You're going to have a wonderful, loving mate."

"The Run is starting in 5..."

"Good luck, George," Darryl smiles.

"4..."

"You too, Darryl," George replies back.

"3..."

George looks around. No one had broken the rules yet. All Omegas must shift into wolf form after they have passed the gates.

"2..."

Ten minutes after they were released, the Alphas will then be released.

"1..."

He takes a deep breath, preparing himself to shift. George also hears Darryl taking a deep breath.

“Go!”

He heard the thundering footsteps as the Omegas ran past the gates, most shifting into wolf form.

But George stood still, allowing the blurs of the different wolf pelt colors passing him. He narrows his eyes, glaring at the Alphas’ area. There was definitely someone watching him. Not only one person, but multiple.

He runs past the gates before shifting into his wolf form, a lean, black wolf with amber eyes. He starts running, already passing several other Omega wolves.

Did some Alphas think they could claim and mate George?

No, not this year.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

I was originally going to post this chapter tomorrow, but decided to post it today anyway because chapter 1 and this chapter happens at the same time but in different perspectives.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream sighs boredly, observing the Omega participants who all remained in their respective area. He sat at a table with a couple of his friends, Sapnap and Skeppy, who were also observing the Omegas.

“Hey look at her,” Sapnap points to a brunette girl. “She’s kinda cute, isn’t she?”

“She’s alright,” Skeppy nods. “But I think the Omega over there is cuter.”

Dream rolls his eyes at his friends, thinking that their conversation is stupid. He had recently turned eighteen, making this his first Run.

Alphas are encouraged to participate in the run, as it is voluntary. But most Alphas do because this was how most of them will get a mate.

Dream, along with Sapnap and Skeppy, were Elite Alphas. Meaning that they have the privilege to wait at the end for complete Omegas - *healthy* Omegas - to select one of them to be their mate.

He was from a rich family and his father was an important political figure. Both Sapnap and Skeppy were also from rich families.

Dream scans his eyes boredly at the Omegas. He wasn’t planning on taking home a mate today. Every Omega so far seemed *boring*. Each one looked ready to please any Alpha, not really caring to complete the Run or not, which was why Elite Alphas were rarely mated.

Then his eyes lay upon two male Omegas talking with each other. A male Omega. Quite the sight, like a female Alpha. One of them had brown hair, seemingly talking endlessly to the other. But the other Omega was what had caught his eyes.

He was pretty cute.

Perhaps he could claim him. Perhaps he’ll participate in this year’s Run. Besides, sitting and waiting at the end for hours and then later ending up not getting a mate was boring and a waste of time in his opinion.

“I’m running,” he announces.

Both his friends stop their conversation. Sapnap raised an eyebrow at him while Skeppy looked at him wide eyed.

“You’re going to run?” Skeppy asked.

“Yeah, I am,” he replies, eyes still on the black haired male Omega. “I mean, this isn’t your guys’ first run, isn’t it boring sitting at the end for hours? Plus you two don’t even have a mate yet.”

“True,” Skeppy pipes up. It was Skeppy’s third Run while it was Sapnap’s second.

Sapnap notices Dream’s gaze. “So who caught your eyes, Dream?” He smirks.

“The male Omega over there,” he jerks his head to the two male Omega’s directions. “The one with black hair.”

Both his friends turn their heads around, looking at them.

“Oh, him,” Skeppy smirks. “That’s George. Not sure who his Omega friend is though.”

“George?” Dream looks at Skeppy.

“He’s the Omega that completed the Run two years in a row,” Sapnap explains. “Maybe this will be his third.”

This piques Dream’s interest. An Omega that had completed the Run? Not only once, but twice? George must be something if he was able to dodge all those Alphas.

“Oh he won’t be completing the Run this year,” Dream smirks. “He won’t be unclaimed for three years in a row, *I’ll* be claiming him.”

“Good luck with that,” Skeppy says distantly, his eyes on the other Omega, George’s friend.

“Yeah, good luck,” Sapnap also says. “A lot of Alphas will be going after him too. You’ll probably have to fight them for him.”

Dream scoffs. “Oh don’t worry, it’ll be *easy*.”

“Whatever makes you sleep at night,” Sapnap rolled his eyes.

“I’m running too,” Skeppy announces suddenly, surprising the both of them.

“Hey, you guys are not leaving me alone at the end,” Sapnap grumbles. “I guess I’ll be running as well.”

“Omegas, please line up next to the gates. The Run will be starting in five minutes.”

The Omegas start filing up near the gate entrance. Dream notices that the other Alphas are getting up as well. Usually, they would be heading to their cars to drive to the end.

But this year, Dream, Sapnap, and Skeppy are running, meaning they’ll be staying behind with the normal Alphas.

“The Run is starting in 5...”

Sapnap and Skeppy fist bump each other.

“4...”

“Good luck,” Sapnap says, chuckling. “You’ll need it.”

“3...”

“Good luck to you too,” Skeppy says back, grin wide on his face. “Good luck to Dream as well. *He’s the one that’s going to need it- going after George and all.*”

“2...”

After the Omegas were released, the Alphas will also be released, ten minutes after.

“1...”

You won’t be making it out the forest unclaimed this year, Dream thought, eyes still trained on George.

“Go!”

To his surprise, even after all the Omegas had run through the gates, George stood there, his eyes glaring at them. Dream smirks. How cocky. The Omega thinks he could outrun the other Omegas even if he lags behind a little.

When the Omega finally runs, Dream sees him shift into a beautiful, lean black wolf. His amber eyes glowed with determination.

You better keep running, Omega. Dream’s eyes narrows excitedly. *Because I will be claiming you.* Dream looks up at the sky. The sun was still high up.

By the end of today, you’ll be mine.

Chapter End Notes

Seems like you guys are enjoying this concept :) I'm glad.

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Long chapter

George pants as he slows to a trot, tired from running at full speed. He has run past several Omega wolves since the start of the Run. He should be well ahead of most Omegas.

Amber eyes darted upwards, looking at the sky through the leaves of the forest trees, which consisted mostly of pine and oak. The sky had brightened up, the sun soon to be at its full power. The Alphas will be released soon.

George lowers his nose to the ground, sniffing the nearby area, ears perked for a particular sound. When he hears it, his head lifts up suddenly and he speeds up back to a running pace, heading towards it. George lets out a delightful yip when he reaches the river, ear twitching at the trickling of the medium-paced flowing water. He lowers his snout, lapping at the water while eyes darted around the surroundings, hyper aware of what was around him. The different scent of each individual wolf overwhelms him and he huffs through his nose.

There were a handful of wolves who were also drinking from the river, some even laying on the bank for a rest. He lifts his head from the river, water dripping from the fur around his mouth, eyes darting around for the black and brown pelt of his friend, Darryl.

After a few more moments of looking around, he can conclude that his kind friend was not here at the river. Has he made it this far yet? George knew that most wolves, if not all, will take a drink from the river. Perhaps Darryl had already taken his share from the river and had already ran off. A distant howl sounded and every wolf around the river lifted their head.

The Alphas have been released.

Several wolves started to walk away from the river and a couple of them even yawned and continued to lay near the bank, resting. But there was no time to rest for George. He had to move. The more distance between the Alphas and him, the better. Picking up his pace again, his paws went from a walk to a fast run in matters of seconds.

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George was exhausted. After running for what seemed like hours, he searches for a place to lay down. His stomach growls, an ugly feeling of his stomach being twisted. He was sure that he had covered enough distance to earn him a rest and a hunt.

He finds just what he was looking for: a slanted area where thin trees grew closely around each other with several large rocks and lots of undergrowth covering the forest floor. George darts forward to a dark spot underneath the thick undergrowth, effectively hiding himself, thanking his black fur. If any Alphas were nearby, which he doubts, they'd have to find him by scent.

His stomach growls again, reminding him that he has not eaten since he has entered the forest. George sits up, a hind leg lifted to scratch a spot behind his left ear. Perhaps there were some prey

around here, hopefully a rabbit. There were many birds in the forest but they were challenging to catch and it would only be a morsel of food.

There should be a rabbit burrow around here. George stands up from his spot and tiredly sniffs around the area. *There's a lot of vegetation here.*

He begins to head northeast - where the end of the forest was - and he crouches when he picks up the scent trail of a rabbit. He follows it slowly, careful to not make too much noise whilst tracking.

The rustling of bushes to his right catches his attention. He lets out a soft growl. He had been so focused on tracking the rabbit that he did not smell the scent of another wolf nearby.

Suddenly, a small grey creature darts out from a bush and into right in front of him. Instinctively, he darts after it, paws hard against its trail. Not a heartbeat later, he slams a paw onto its spine, breaking it and instantly killing it. He picks up the rabbit in his jaws, the warm taste of blood from the fresh-kill makes his mouth waters.

"That rabbit was mine."

George turns his head to find a dark red-brown she-wolf staring hungrily at the rabbit in his jaws. He places the rabbit gently in front of his paws. She had a sweet smell, sort of like fruits. Omega for sure. She was the wolf that he had scented right before he had killed the rabbit.

"Yours?" George huffs. "I was the one who caught it."

She growls, her sweet scent turning sour. "I was the one who chased it into your paws."

"Yeah? Well I was the one who killed with my paws."

She made no response, only standing assertively with a snarl beginning to form on her face. There was no way he was to let up the rabbit that *he* had killed, even if she *did* lead it right into his paws. This rabbit could be the difference between him being mated or not mated. He stands his ground, lifting his head and lashing his tail slowly from side to side.

After moments of standing each other's ground, the she-wolf decided it wasn't worth her time to fight for a measly rabbit. When she lowered her defensive stance, George internally sighs with relief. He would have fought her for the rabbit if it really came to it. He knows he would win but even so, he didn't like to fight when it wasn't necessary.

"I recognize you," she says suddenly, dark eyes narrowed into slits. "You're the male Omega who completed the Run two years in a row. You think you're better than all of us, don't you?"

He huffs, lashing his tail hard just once. "I know I'm better than *you* if I was able to hunt this rabbit."

She growls, rolling her eyes. "Whatever, good luck completing the Run this year," she turns tail. "You're going to need it."

He picked up the rabbit again and found a new spot closer northeast. He rips a chunk out of the rabbit, savoring the sweet taste, satisfying his hunger and quenching some of his thirst. But he has to eat quickly, before the Alphas catch up.

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George's heart hammers in his chest. He stumbles slightly, tripping on a small rock. He hears

another howl and several barks and growls. He angles his ears backwards. The hard thudding of fast and heavy pawsteps fills his ears and he angles them forward again.

How are they here so fast? Did I take the wrong route?

He estimated that there were at least three Alphas chasing him down just from the smell of it. He could smell three distinct Alphas. Perhaps there were more that he simply can't differentiate. Either way, they smelled sour and disgusting, like all Alphas.

"Come here, *Omega*!" A wolf howls.

They were still about several tree-lengths away. But they would soon catch up to him. He spots a thick fallen log, angled upwards against a short oak tree. George bunches up his hind legs, muscles tensing as he makes the leap on top of the fallen log. He huffs, standing on in for just a heartbeat, daring to look behind him.

The Alphas weren't in sight yet. But George could smell their scent getting stronger and closer. He puts all his weight onto his hind legs once more, making a larger leap up onto the short oak trees. He wobbles slightly but thankfully the branches on this tree were thick and was enough to support his light weight. He pants slightly as he backs up towards the main part of the tree, his rump hitting the trunk. George crouches, suppressing a yelp when his paws slipped off for a second.

He had been chased for quite a while and he was tired. His best bet was to hide and rest for now. He wouldn't expect some *stupid* Alphas to expect him to be in a tree. A wolf in a tree? George knew that tree training would come in handy.

A twig snaps below him and he shrinks backwards, eyes peering below the branch he was on. A large grey and white Alpha wolf was sniffing around the area, followed by white wolf and a dark grey wolf with a black snout.

"Where'd it go?" The white Alpha asks, sniffing at a patch of ferns that he had earlier trampled.

"It was a male Omega wasn't it?" The dark grey Alpha asks, black snout facing the ground, nose twitching as he sniffed.

The larger grey wolf lifts his head away from the floor. "Yes, that was a male Omega," he opens his jaw slightly, scenting the air. "He's near here somewhere."

"You'd claim a *male* Omega?" Asks the black snouted Alpha.

The grey Alpha turns his head towards his companion, head tilted slightly. "Male Omegas are rare, are they not? I'd love for my mate to be *special*. Male Omegas can get pregnant just like how female Omegas can anyway."

George almost growled out loud. *Disgusting*. The Alphas think Omegas were just trophies for them to keep.

"Besides, there's only so many male Omegas," the white wolf pipes in. "It could be that completer Omega; the one who completed the Run two years in a row."

"Was his fur black?"

"I think it was," answered the dark grey Alpha.

The large grey Alpha smirked. "I'll definitely be claiming him."

“Mind if you share?” Barks the white wolf, who was still sniffing around.

“Nope. Just as long as he carries *my* pups.”

The black snouted Alpha smirks. “Let’s find him first,” he swings his large head around, looking at his companions. “His scent trail ends here.” The Alpha gestures to the fallen log that George had leapt on.

George crouches even lower onto the branch, as if crouching lower would make him more hidden. His legs start to shake at how long he has been holding his crouching position, especially on a branch of a tree. He had to get out of here somehow.

He looks around and to his disappointment, the only way down was either by the log he used to get up on or by jumping down from where he was. It wasn’t too steep of a jump, as the tree wasn’t extremely tall, but it could definitely go wrong. Like a broken paw. He’d definitely get claimed if he breaks a paw.

The three Alphas were all investigating the log, confused on how his scent trail was leading to thin air.

He smirked internally. He knew Alphas were too *dumb* to figure it out. He braces himself as he looks down at the forest floor. He wouldn’t be able to use the log as the Alphas were around it. George will have to jump. He gulps, bringing his shaky paws together as best as he could on a branch, preparing for the jump.

“He’s up there!” An Alpha barked.

The sudden bark startles him. George panics and leaps clumsily off the tree. He lets out a pained yelp when he lands, legs collapsing under him but he wastes no time in getting up, gritting through the pain and starts running again.

“Chase him!” Someone barked.

Alphas were fast, but George was faster; and smarter. He dared turn his head back to see only the dark snouted Alpha behind him. Turning his attention back on running, he angles his ears, hoping to determine where the other Alphas were.

Alphas may be stupid but they were smart enough to use wolf hunting strategies by separating and meeting up later, surrounding the prey from all sides. Or if he continues to run, they would most likely outlast him. There were only one of him and three of them.

“Think you can run?” The Alpha howled at him.

George swerves to the left and back to the right to avoid a tree, the Alpha still right on his tail. Then he spots a thorn bush about 10 meters ahead of him. Ignoring the pain that was still in his paw, he pushed himself to speed up.

As soon as he was just close enough to the thorn bush, he leapt over the bush, snarling at the thorns that had scratched his underbelly. He hears pained yelps when he lands, tumbling, on the other side of the bush.

“You little shit!” Snarled the Alpha. George can see through the thorn bush that the Alpha was in the bush, thorn snagging his grey fur.

George laid on the ground for a few moments, panting heavily. His injured paw pulsed with pain.

He gets up, once again ignoring the pain and limp-runs ahead again.

One Alpha down. Two more to go.

Where are they? Not knowing where the Alphas were made him anxious. They could surprise him out of nowhere.

He stumbles upon a patch of mud and an idea forms. George suddenly rolls over onto the mud, brown streaking his black fur. The mud should be able to hide his scent, making tracking him harder.

George stands, his injured paw lifted, gazing around. His jaws were parted slightly so he could scent the air better. The Alphas weren't near him. Yet.

He limps forwards again, trotting slowly to accommodate the pulsing pain in his paw. He had to move forward no matter what. He *had* to get to the end.

George didn't get very far when he suddenly heard the harsh rustling of undergrowth and the overwhelming scent of two Alphas filling his nose. He whips around, hackles raised, snarling. The large grey Alpha appeared to his left while the white Alpha appeared on his right.

"We've finally caught up to you, *Omega*," growls the white wolf. "Quite a chase you put up for us."

The grey Alpha wolf starts to circle him slowly. "It was fun at first," he narrows his yellow eyes. "But who'd expect an Omega to be so fast and clever." He looks him up and down. "Covering your scent with mud? Smart."

"You're claiming him?" The white Alpha asks, swinging his head towards his companion.

"Of course," he huffs. "This is *George*, isn't it?"

George growls. "Go away."

"Or what?" The larger Alpha tilts his head, grey tail wagging with amusement and excitement. "You're going to keep running? Aren't you *tired*? We can give you a break."

Both Alphas stood near him, eyes showing a predatory look, tails lashing with anticipation. But George was no prey. When the grey furred Alpha stepped a little too close, he let out one low growl as a final warning before suddenly swiping a paw down the Alpha's face, his short, but sharp, claws scratching his left eye.

He lets out a pained howl. "My eye!" He paws at it in pain, the other eye closed with pain. "You bastard!" The white wolf stumbles forward, trying to leap at George but he simply sidesteps and takes off running.

Two down, one more to go.

George lets out a surprised yelp when he stumbles when his injured paw gives out on him. A sudden weight was on him and he immediately rolled over onto his side, hiding his scruff as best as he could. He snarls at the white wolf that was on top of him, who was also snarling.

"Thought you could run, didn't you?" He snarled.

"Get off," George growls. He tries to wiggle away but the larger wolf only places a paw on his

injured paw, pressing hard on it. He lets out a pained gasp.

“You sure talk a lot don’t you,” the Alpha growled. He feels the wet nose of the wolf press against the side of his neck, sniffing him, a smirk on his face. “Heh, well, since he’s not here... I guess you’re all *mine*.”

“Get off before I *make* you,” he snarls, ears pinned to the back of his head and tail curling between his legs. His heart was pounding impossibly hard against his chest. He shouldn’t be nervous. This is just a normal fight. He had to fight, if he didn’t want to be claimed.

“Don’t mind if I do,” the Alpha bares his teeth, sharp teeth grazed at his neck, threatening to bite his scent gland, claiming him as his Omega mate.

I will not be claimed.

He turns over to his back and kicks the Alpha’s belly with as much force as he possibly could. Thankfully, it was enough to make the other wolf stumble backwards away from him, giving George enough time to get up.

He pants as he stares down at the Alpha. He was exhausted. He wouldn’t last long if he were to run again. His injured paw wouldn’t let him go very far anyway. George would have to fight.

“Think you can fight an *Alpha*?” He taunts. “You’re just an Omega.”

George wanted to scoff. He has spent the spring training for the run. He has done this many times. Just because he was an *Omega* didn’t mean he was *weak*. This mindset of Alphas will be the death of them.

Suddenly the Alpha dashed towards him. Surprised by the sudden movement, George only had just enough time to dodge to the side. He felt teeth graze the fur on his flank, jaws snapping at where he just was. He pivots and slams his front paws down the Alpha’s back before jumping backwards.

“Cheeky,” the Alpha gasped out.

The Alpha dashes at him again, rearing up onto his hind legs. George mirrors him. Because of his smaller size, George was able to latch his jaws onto the bottom of the Alpha’s neck. The Alpha yelped as George brings the Alpha down. This time, George was on top of him, jaws still at the Alpha’s throat. He sinks his fangs deeper into his neck. He almost gags from the Alpha stink. The Alpha’s amber eyes were wide with panic.

“Wait,” he lets out a throaty bark. “You can’t kill.”

That was true. One of the rules of the Run was that they were not allowed to kill intentionally. From the corner of his eye, he could see a grey wolf behind a tree, a white bandana around his neck, signifying him as a medic, reading to jump in if necessary.

But George wasn’t going to kill him. He only sinks his sharp teeth deep enough to injure, but not to kill. He could’ve ripped his throat out.

The white fur around the Alpha’s neck started to turn red. He releases the Alpha and gives him a swipe across his snout for good measure. George snarls at him before running off again. From behind him, he could hear the shuffling of paws; probably the medic wolf stepping in to help the injured Alpha.

An Alpha being beaten by an Omega? How embarrassing. George thought as he ran.

After covering a decent amount of distance he collapses under the shade of a willow tree near a lake. He had finally reached the lake. He was almost at the end. George pants with tiredness as he limps towards the lakeshore. He rolls onto his back, splashing the lake's water. After a few times rolling around, he stood up again to shake out his fur. It felt nice to get the mud out his fur and for the water to cool him down a bit.

He dips his head down, tongue lapping desperately at the water. His throat felt parched, but no longer after a long drink. He hears a distant triumph howl from somewhere south of him. An Omega must have been claimed.

George sighs as he lays down on his flanks, resting. He was finally able to get a rest after getting chased down. He lowers his head to lick at his injured right paw. It was now swollen after all the running he had with it. He continues to lap at it, hoping to cool down it's burning pulsing.

Another howl sounded and he flattened his ears, trying to drown out the noises around him before getting up tiredly once more, limping away from the lake. The willow tree's long branches shiver at the warm summer wind, as if waving him goodbye.

Despite how tired he was, he wasn't able to relax yet. There were still several more hours of running to do. He looks up at the sky. It was way past midday. If he ran fast enough, he would make it to the end before sunset.

George braces himself once more, placing his right paw down gingerly. Ignoring the pain, he begins to start at a slow trot before speeding up into a full run.

Chapter 4

George pants with exhaustion as he limp-trots. Looking up at the roof of the forest, he could see the sky blue of the sky turning into a deeper shade of blue. He should be almost at the end. Maybe another hour or two of running. Currently, he was trotting to rest his injured paw from the harsh pressure of running.

George wonders how Darryl was doing. To be honest, he had little to no hope of his kind friend finishing the race. He had refused to train with George during the springtime and he seemed determined to look for a mate. Regardless, George really hopes a nice Alpha will claim him, rather than the ones he had to fight.

George was so lost in thought that he didn't see it coming when a heavy weight suddenly dropped in on him. He lets out a startled yelp that turned into a pained one when he felt immense pressure on his injured paw as they tumbled around on the uneven ground.

When they finally landed, with the Alpha pinning him on his stomach on top of him, George tries to stand up but the Alpha only presses his large paw that was against his back harder. He winces slightly at the sharp claws digging into his fur between his neck and the middle of his back. Thankfully his fur was thick enough for it to not cut.

George turns his head around as best as he could to snarl at the Alpha. The Alpha was large, even larger than the grey Alpha he had scratched hours ago. He had soft, almost silky, cream colored fur with white undertones. He stared nonchalantly at George with piercing green eyes. Something he did notice about this particular Alpha was that he didn't smell bad, unlike the other Alphas. He had a very light fruity - apples? - smell underneath a stronger pine scent.

"Get off!" George growls as he tries getting up one more time to no avail. The Alpha wolf was just too big and too heavy. It didn't help that his right paw was hurting to the point he didn't want to put any sort of pressure on it.

"You never give up," the Alpha tilts his head to the side. "I like that."

George's eyes go wide when he feels the brush of his teeth at his scruff. He really was going to get claimed. He's going to get mated.

"Please," George gasps out, panicked stricken.

Then the weight was suddenly lifted and he heard low growls. He scrambles up, growling at the pain that shot from his injured paw. He backs away, limping with his right paw lifted, into a tree.

Another Alpha had knocked the cream-furred Alpha off of him. The two Alphas faced each other, with George on the sidelines, staring with wide amber eyes. The new Alpha had dark grey fur, almost black, with a white underbelly.

"Sapnap," the blonde Alpha says coolly.

"Dream." the Alpha, "Sapnap", replied just as cool, dark eyes glinting. "I see you have found him." He turns his head towards George, "Dream", following his gaze.

"Yes," Dream growls. "And he's *mine* to claim."

"We'll see about that," Sapnap huffs, getting into a defensive stance. Dream mirrors him.

George started to back away slowly, one eye closed as the pain on his paw began to feel unbearable. It was swollen, hot, and pulsing. Even a light touch would pain him.

Dream suddenly swings his head towards him, green eyes narrowed. George freezes. "Don't you dare leave," he growls. "There'll be a group of Alphas that will claim and mate you with no hesitation. If you don't want to become a plaything, I suggest you *stay*."

Normally, George would've ran anyway if it meant just a *slight* chance of not being mated at all. But something about this Alpha made him stay. George blames it on his injured paw. If he didn't injure it, he could've been at the end by now.

"So what? You're going to fight me for him?" Dream growls at Sapnap, hackles raised.

"Well, I want to claim him too," Sapnap lashes his tail. "And I don't share."

Dream makes a massive leap towards his companion, knocking the smaller Alpha over. George could only watch with wide eyes as the two Alphas fought each other. Loud growls and snarls filled his ears and he flattened his ears to try to block out the noises. It honestly frightened him- the ferocity of the two wolves.

The battle, for the right to claim George, was over as soon as it was started. Dream pinned Sapnap onto his flank, both Alphas panting. Sapnap's left ear was split into a V and he was bleeding from his neck and his sides while Dream was bleeding only from his right shoulder where Sapnap's fangs had tagged him. Dream only glared at Sapnap, who glared back at him. After a few more moments of heavy silence, Sapnap loosens up, tucks in his tail and flattens his ears to the side - a sign of submission and surrender.

Satisfied, Dream lets him up. "Leave," Dream says as he looks at the other Alpha expectantly. Sapnap says nothing, only blinking once, looking longingly at George before running off.

The large Alpha shakes out his fur before walking towards George. He shrinks back against the tree, a growl threatening to escape from his slightly bared teeth. Dream stops several feet away cowering Omega.

"I won the right to claim you, Omega."

He growls loudly. "I know."

"Well?" Dream cocks his head.

"Well what?" he huffs.

They stared at each other for a few moments. A howl sounded from a distance but Dream merely flicks his ear.

"I'm impressed," he says as he sits down. "I saw you fight those wolves earlier."

"You didn't stop them," George whispers.

"I didn't," Dream says matter of factly. He eyes his lifted paw. "You're hurt." He pads towards him until George could feel his breath next to his face. He presses himself closer to the tree, tail flicking anxiously.

"Shift back to human form," Dream demands.

George shakes as he does so. Dream also shift back. Thankfully, they keep their clothes when they shift.

George was met with a tall, dirty blonde man. He was young, perhaps around George's age or younger. He had the same green eyes his wolf form had and frankly, he was quite handsome.

At least it wasn't some old pervert.

"Your sweet scent is turning sour," Dream comments as he reaches forward to grab his right forearm, yanking him towards his chest. George cries out in pain at the Alpha's grip. "Are you scared?"

George bites his lips, looking away. Of course he was scared. This was it. He was about to get claimed, to get mated. He'll never get to live his own life. He'll be forced to carry this Alpha's pups and do nothing but house chores for the rest of his life. Tears threaten to spill.

"You sprained your wrist quite badly," Dream comments, examining his wrist. "We'll get this fixed up soon."

"Please don't mate me," George says suddenly, brown eyes blown wide. He was so desperate, he had to resort to begging. "I- I'm not ready to carry p-pups. Please... *Alpha*."

Dream growls. His inner wolf was very pleased to be called by his title. "You're right," he finally says. "You're not ready to carry pups - we'll wait until your heat for that. I won't mate you today, but I *will* claim you."

Dream pulls him even closer to him. He cries out with shock when teeth sinks into the scent gland between his neck and shoulder on his left side. The tears he tried so hard to hold back could no longer be held back. He wasn't crying at the pain, he was crying at the *realization*, his new reality.

George was now a claimed Omega.

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

When the sun had finally set, George was taken to a hospital to treat his injured wrist. Thankfully, the doctor - Dream's *private* doctor - had only said that he had sprained it, quite badly, but that nothing was broken and all he had to do was rest it.

Now he sat on Dream's rather large couch in his rather large living room. His wrist was wrapped with compression bandages, after icing it during the ride from the hospital and back to his new home. They had also gone back to George's small apartment to grab several sets of clothes. Dream had arranged for people to move his stuff into his house tomorrow, even if it wasn't much stuff.

Dream's house was large. It was a one story modern house with a large front yard and an even larger backyard, which had a decent sized forest. It probably extended beyond his view. There were two bedrooms (thank god), 2 bathrooms, with one of them being in the master bedroom where Dream resides. Not to mention the garage that housed the BMW Dream drove to the Run with, and a newish looking blue ferrari.

George stared at his lap, teeth biting his lips. He felt the spot beside him dip as Dream sat next to him, placing a plate of beautifully cooked steak, probably made by Dream's private chef, since Alpha's probably don't know how to cook, on to the glass coffee table in front of him.

"Eat," Dream ordered as he leaned back, gaze watching the Omega.

"You ruined my life," he whispers, gaze still downward at his lap, unmoving.

Dream only cocks an eyebrow. "You're an Omega. You were meant to be bred."

George clenches his fists, whipping his head to glare angrily at Dream's nonchalant face. "I don't want pups!" He stands up, walking towards the guest room. "Especially not *yours*."

They had made arrangements for George to sleep with Dream in the master bedroom. But did he really think that George would be *willing* to sleep on the same bed as him? When he was the one who *ruined* his life.

Dream also stood up, angrily walking up towards him and grabbing his left arm, pulling and turning him around. George grits his teeth at how hard Dream gripped his arm. He looked up at the taller male, deep brown eyes flashing with hatred and defiance meeting with eyes colored with a rather pretty shade of green, glinting with anger.

"Well guess what, *Omega*," Dream says in a low voice. Despite how scary and threatening it sounded to other people, George was not afraid. "You're *mine* now and we *will* mate when your heat comes."

"You're disgusting," George growls. He tries to pull away from the harsh grip, only for the grip to grow stronger. He couldn't help but gasp at the pain.

"You're lucky you were claimed by me and not some other random Alpha," Dream tells him. "You should be *grateful* that you were claimed by an Elite."

"It wasn't my choice to be mated!" George shouted angrily. *This whole tradition of the Run is*

ridiculous. He thought to himself.

Dream releases his grip, pushing George slightly away as he walks bad-temperley towards the door. "I'm taking a walk," he growls. "You've stunk up my entire house."

"And who's fault was that?" George muttered as he heard the door slam shut. He couldn't really smell his own scent, but he can tell that he had released his distress scent.

He walked towards the bedroom, making sure to close and lock the door, and laid down on the new pearl-white sheets that covered the king sized bed. He wasn't going to sleep with his "mate" tonight. His hair was slightly damp from his shower earlier but he didn't care.

A clock ticks steadily somewhere in the large room and after a dozen ticks, only then did he let his tears fall.

It was all so unfair. Why him? George knew he was being selfish. So many Omegas would kill to be in his position - a more than comfortable life, fueled by the riches and influence of an Elite Alpha. But he didn't care. He didn't want a mate, he didn't want pups. He just wanted to live his own life.

"We will mate when your heat comes."

George sniffles as he pulls out the small red container he had hidden in his pocket when they went to his house to grab some clothing. It was his suppressants. He takes it out, popping it into his mouth and swallowing. He caps the red box, reaching under the bed, finding and placing it into a secure place on the frame.

His heat *won't* come. He'll make sure of that.

Chapter End Notes

oof sorry for short chapter

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George had stayed in the master's bedroom, forcing Dream to sleep in the guest bedroom. He sighs as he looks up at the clock that was across the bed. It was just about to hit noon. He had woken up a few hours ago but George decided to lay in bed, staring at the ceiling. He refused to go outside.

A muffled slam of a door catches his attention from outside, followed by a *“what the heck was that for, Dream?”* and some laughter.

Who's that? George thought. He gets up from the bed cautiously, placing his ear against the door, trying to listen to any conversation. Perhaps he should shift into wolf form for sharper hearing, but he didn't feel like it. Besides, it would remind him of what had happened yesterday. He subconsciously rubbed at the bite mark on the scent gland between the left side of his neck and shoulder. It didn't hurt very much but it was so very much visible.

“What were you saying about your chef?” Asked the unknown voice.

“I sent her away back to my parent's house,” Dream replies. “I don't need a chef anymore- my Omega will cook for me from now on.”

George huffs angrily. *As if.*

“If you don't mind me asking, who is your Omega?” another unknown voice asked politely.

Except, this voice wasn't exactly unknown.

Before Dream was able to answer, George immediately opened the door, a loud clicking sound announcing his presence. His brown eyes widened.

“Darryl?” George says softly.

“George!” The Omega smiles happily at him. His kind friend turns his head at the Alpha that was sitting next to him on the sofa who nodded at him before bee lining towards George. He opens his arms, welcoming the hug Darryl was giving him. “You're safe!” Immediately, George notices the obvious red bite mark on his scent gland.

“Yeah,” George's voice cracks slightly. “I'm safe.”

His friend pulls back, eyes showing concern. “You didn't make it to the end.”

George feels a pang of pain from his heart. “I know,” he smiles. He didn't want his friend to worry about him. “But I got a... good Alpha.”

Dream's eyes narrow slightly at George and he gives him a look, trying to signal that he didn't want to upset Darryl. Thankfully, the Alpha understood and rolled his eyes at him.

“Come, Omegas,” Dream says. “We can have a lovely chat sitting down.”

“Let's go back,” Darryl pulls George happily towards the sofa. “I want you to meet my Alpha!”

Said Alpha chuckled as Darryl took the spot next to him again. George opted to sit next to Darryl,

which was not next to Dream. Dream sat on the part that stuck out of the L-shaped sofa, diagonal from where George sat.

“This is Skeppy,” Darryl happily introduces. “Skeppy,” Darryl lays his head affectionately onto Skeppy’s shoulder. “This is George.”

George only gives him a simple “hi” before Darryl starts talking again.

Skeppy was a lean-muscular Alpha. Only just a bit taller than Darryl with spiky jet black hair that was styled to one side. To be honest, he seemed more of a Beta than Alpha but then again, George didn’t think he was one to look like an Omega either.

“He’s the best Alpha an Omega would get,” Darryl finishes his tangent on how great of an Alpha Skeppy is.

George gives his Omega friend a soft smile. “I’m happy for you. I’m so glad you found a good Alpha.”

“And I’ve got the best Omega an Alpha could’ve got,” Skeppy replies.

Darryl giggles, giving Skeppy a fond look before directing his gaze back to George. “I’m sure Dream’s a great Alpha too, right George?” Darryl asks, eyes blinking innocently.

“Y-yeah,” George stutters out. He could feel the glare of Dream’s narrowed eyes on him. “He’s a great Alpha, don’t worry about me.” George could only smile at Darryl. He didn’t want him to worry.

Darryl and his Alpha stayed for another hour or so. George enjoyed the conversation he had with Darryl - the awkward tension quickly disappearing thanks to Darryl’s positive energy - as the two Alphas conversed with each other.

“Bye George!” Darryl waves at him as he stands next to Skeppy at the door of Dream’s house. “I can visit him when I want right?” Darryl looks at Skeppy.

“Of course you can,” Skeppy looks at Dream, grinning. “Right, Dream?”

“You’re always welcomed here, Darryl,” Dream replies, smiling softly at the other Omega.

“Thank you,” he breathes out. “Take care of that wrist, George! It better be healed up when I visit next!”

With that as his final words, the door closed shut, leaving George alone with Dream.

George sat silently on the couch, staring at his hands that were placed on top of his lap. He felt awkward. How could Darryl and Skeppy be so free around each other? They seemed like the perfect match.

George has heard of “fated mates” before, where two people were destined to become mates with each other - a perfect match. Although George doesn’t believe in such myths, it seemed as it was true for Darryl and Skeppy.

“We need to spend more time with each other.” Dream walks from the door back to the living room, crossing his arm as he looks down at George. George looks up, defiance shown in his eyes. Dream rolls his eyes. “Look, we’re mates now. We need to start acting like it.”

"I still don't like you," George growls.

"I know," Dream sighs. "But this is your life now."

"I-"

"We start by sharing the bed," Dream cuts him off, green eyes narrowing.

The two mates head over to the master bedroom. Dream grabs a set of clothes before heading into the bathroom, the door clicking to a lock. George sighs as he sits down on the bed, bitterness growing within him.

After hearing the water of the shower turn on, he reaches under the bed, his hands tracing the framework of the bed before feeling a hint of satisfaction after finding what he was looking for. George pulls out the pill bottle out from under the bed. Opening the cap, he shakes one of the white round pills out of the bottle before popping it into his mouth, swallowing it.

He almost gagged. He hated pills. But he had to take them because he was an Omega and he doesn't want his heat to come.

Quickly, he caps the bottle and places it back to its hiding spot. Few minutes later, Dream appears out of the bathroom, clothed, thankfully. The Alpha nodded towards the bathroom and George took his set of sleep clothes, heading inside the bathroom.

As he walked past Dream, he couldn't help but notice just how good the Alpha smelled. He smelled like apples, or some other fruit. Either way, he smelled good. George blushed. There was no way an Alpha could smell that good. It must be his shampoo.

After George was done with his shower, he looked at the bed where Dream was already asleep in, snoring gently. He laid on the left side of the bed, back facing to where George stood, staring uncertainly at the bed.

He takes a breath, sighing, before timidly stepping towards the bed. He lifts the blanket up, sliding in. George faced the opposite way, both males' backs facing each other. He did his best to stay as close to the edge of the bed without falling off. Thankfully, the bed was large enough for both men to not touch.

Even with their back facing each other and the space between them, the bed smelled like Dream.

It fucking smelled like him.

George wished he could block out the scent but he couldn't, especially when said Alpha was right there less than a foot away.

Gosh why does he have to smell this good?

George screwed his eyes shut, determined to get at least a few hours of sleep. This would be a long night for George.

Chapter End Notes

Ahh I'm sorry for the lack of update.

Honestly, I haven't been feeling motivated to write but I still read the comments left by you guys on both platforms (wattpad & ao3) and all those supportive comments made me want to write again. Thank you for that <3

It'll take me a little bit to get used to writing again but updates won't take a month like how this one did (hopefully I can keep my word).

Again, tysm for the support!

Chapter 7

The tension has eased slightly the next few days. Because George was so stubborn, Dream took it upon himself to suck up his pride and try his best to be nice to George. They were mates now. Mates are for life and he didn't want to live distanced like this for life. They were bound to have pups, right? How would it be for their children if their parents were distanced?

George on the other hand still did not care. He was stubborn and still believed that he should've had the right to his own life. Instead, he was stuck with this stupid, prideful Elite Alpha asshole.

To Dream's credit, however, he did try to be nice and get George to trust him, even if it's just a little. There was a day where George was still sleeping in the afternoon so he decided to try cooking a meal for them. George didn't seem impressed at his efforts. Thankfully his house didn't burn down, but they did have to order takeout that afternoon.

There were many times where he would offer to take George shopping or to go see a movie with him, being the stubborn Omega George was, he refused every time.

"George, let's go t--"

"No." George growled out shifting slightly on the couch, his eyes still focused onto the book in his hands.

Dream sighs, slightly frustrated. He was surprised at how patient he was to the Omega, compared to before. He just wanted to make this work.

"Look, we're mates now," Dream glares at George, eyes narrowed. The Omega simply ignores him, flipping another page of his book. Dream walks over, plucks the book away from his "mate" which earned him a snarl. "*Listen, Omega,*" Dream growled. "We are mates and nothing will change that."

George averts his eyes, biting his lips. "And who's fault is that?"

Dream would've lost it right then and there but he took the moment to take a deep breath. He mustn't lose his temper. He had texted Skeppy asking for advice on how to get George to trust him. His friend had told him to try his best to not lose his temper and speak gently since his anger would scare George.

Dream almost scoffed at him. George doesn't seem to be afraid of anything but Dream followed his advice regardless, at least part of it.

"Let's go for a run," Dream suggests after moments of silence. "You did very well at the ceremony."

"Not well enough if I was caught by you," George grumbles.

Well, I am an Elite Alpha. Dream thought. He was born skilled, especially in the athletic aspect, but he does like to keep himself in good shape regardless.

"You've been cooped up in the house for several days now," Dream points out. "I think it'd do you some good to get some fresh air."

"...Fine," George replies. Dream can hear the uncertainty in his voice. "And where will we be

running?”

“My private property,” he turns his head to the back door. “The forest beyond the backyard is owned by my family. There should be plenty of space to run in.”

George gets up, walking to the back door and opening the door and walking out into the large backyard. Dream follows him.

“Take the lead, *Alpha*,” George says mockingly.

He rolls his eyes but ignores the quip and unlocks the small gate that was a part of the fencing and closes it once George walks through it. After a short walk, they reached the edge of the forest. The sun was setting, soon, its counterpart, the moon, would rise. The forest seemed to loom over them, shadows dark.

“So what, you gonna shift?” George asks, an eyebrow raised.

He rolls his eyes but shifts anyway, turning into a large, cream furred wolf. Meanwhile, George shifted into a black wolf. Dream notices how George places his right paw gingerly onto the ground. His wrist was a lot better from all the rest it got but Dream knows that he can’t push George too far or else it may revert all the healing done on his wrist.

They stood awkwardly, both wolves staring at each other, waiting for the other to make a move. Tired of waiting, Dream drops into a playful crouch, chest lowered to the ground, rump in the air, his fluffy tail wagging in the air.

George only blinks once before huffing and walking off into the forest. Dream could just picture the scowl on George’s face if they were in human form.

Idiot, Dream curses at himself. He follows George reluctantly into the forest. He felt embarrassed that he had tried to initiate play with George and then being rejected.

Dream lifts his head, ears perked in surprise when he hears a soft puttering. It seems that George was running again. He felt relieved that his Omega felt good enough to run, so he gave chase.

He ran with his tail high in the air, jaws slightly opened so he was able to track George’s scent trail. He has noticed it before but with their wolf’s high sense of smell, he can clearly smell it: the pleasant smell of vanilla with a hint of orange - George’s scent.

Dream pushed himself to run faster, his inner wolf wanting to desperately reunite with his mate. Even with the head start George had, Dream was quite impressed on how fast he could run even with a weak paw.

He would bear the perfect, most healthy pups.

Just a few meters ahead, he could see a flash of black fur. Giving himself a final burst of speed, he was able to run side by side with George. He rears onto his hind legs so he was able to encase George’s shoulder between his front legs. George immediately rolled over, bringing Dream down with him onto the hard forest floor. Dream was on top of George and he immediately jumped off of the other wolf, letting the Omega wolf up.

“What was that for,” George huffs out, shaking out his fur.

“Is your paw okay?” Dream asks, lowering his head to sniff at George’s right paw.

George pulls the paw away, backing up one step. "It's fine," he says gruffly. "Thanks for caring, I guess," George mumbles softly.

Dream perks his ears in surprise. He had almost missed it.

"A-anyway," George swings his head to glare at Dream again with bright amber eyes (oh, how pretty those amber eyes look). "What was that for?"

"I just wanted to show you my favorite spot in the forest," he replies, cocking his head. "We're close to it."

Dream flicks his tail, telling George to follow. He leads him to a small clearing of the forest, with a stream nearby. Above, the trees parted in a way where there was a breach in the leaves, letting the moonlight shine directly onto the ground below.

Dream unshifts first, taking a seat at the patch of clear ground. He looks at George, who was still in his wolf form, to take the spot next to him. The Omega glances self cautiously around before shifting back to his human form and taking a seat next to Dream, but not too close.

"How's your wrist?" He asks.

"It's fine," George mumbled in response.

"Do you like this place?" He pushes, leaning closer to the Omega, his right arm supporting him.

George blushes. "Y-yeah, it's pretty."

The moonlight covers George in such a way that outlined his figure beautifully. This was the Omega that had caught his eye in the ceremony. This was the Omega that made him participate in the Run this year. This was the Omega that he will have to learn to love.

George blinks before turning his head towards his left, finding Dream still leaning in his direction. "Dream...?"

Dream's other hand reaches to grab at his chin softly, tilting him to the side. Just as Dream leaned in, George pushes him away, his face turning the opposite direction from him, trying to hide the blatant blush on his face.

"L-let's go back to the house." George stands up, trying his best to swipe off all the dirt on his jeans.

Dream was disappointed but nonetheless nodded his head. It was pretty late anyway. "Let's go," he says before shifting back to wolf form.

Chapter 8

It was safe to say that George wasn't able to sleep last night, especially not when a particular Alpha slept right next to him on the *same* bed.

George blushed as he recalled how unfairly handsome Dream looked underneath the moonlight. The way the Alpha leaned forward, tilting his chin, beautiful green eyes staring half lidded into his own honey brown ones. His heart starts to hammer.

He shook his head to get rid of the thought as he opened the fridge. Thankfully, it was filled with plenty of ingredients - probably left by Dream's old chef. After looking through his options, he decided it'd be best to make omelettes. He took out all the ingredients he needed: bacon, mushrooms, cheese, spinach, chives and of course, eggs. If Dream didn't like his choice of ingredients, then he can feel free to fuck off and buy some take out.

After prepping, George pours the seasoned beaten eggs into the pan before putting the filling on one half of the omelette, and then folding. He lifts the pan and slides it delicately onto a plate.

"What're you doing?"

George turns around towards the voice as he starts pouring the rest of the beaten eggs into the pan. Dream stood, crossed arm, against a pillar near the kitchen island bar. His blonde hair was still ruffled from sleep.

"Cooking," George says matter-of-factly as he turns his attention back to the stove. Noticing that it was almost done cooking, he adds the filling.

"You? Cooking for me?" Dream cocks an eyebrow. He was surprised, yes, but pleasantly so.

George says nothing as he slides the last omelette onto its plate. He washes a pair of forks and dinner knives, placing them onto the plate and carrying the plates over to the island bar, placing it down. George decided to take the plate he had made first, thinking that he should give the warmer one to Dream.

So why did he decide to wake up in the morning and be nice by cooking a meal for his *beloved* Alpha? Definitely wasn't because he wanted to show appreciation to Dream since he cared for him. No, definitely not. It was because George was tired of take-out and would rather cook his own meals.

Dream stayed standing next to the pillar as George took a seat, already cutting a small piece and stuffing it into his mouth.

"Your food's getting cold," George says, eyes still on his plate. He begins cutting another piece of his omelette.

With that, Dream takes the seat one away from George so that they have a chair between them. They ate in silence, relatively awkward, only the clicking of kitchenware to be heard.

"So," Dream starts, chewing on some of his food before swallowing. "Why don't you want pups?"

George tenses. *Typical Alpha*, George thought. *Only thinks Omegas are pup bearers*. He sighs regardless.

“I want to continue school so I can get a degree,” George replies. His gaze shifts to the left, observing Dream’s reaction.

Dream looked a bit surprised but at the same he looked thoughtful. Perhaps George has even seen a sliver of respect.

The Alpha turns his head towards George, catching his gaze. George quickly looks away. “What about your heat then?”

“That’s none of your business,” George mumbled softly.

It seemed that Dream didn’t hear so he shrugged and continued to finish his meal. Afterwards, Dream picks up his plate, placing it into the sink.

“I’m going to work,” Dream announces as he walks into the master bedroom.

George tilts his head slightly to the side. What did Dream even do anyway? How was he an Elite Alpha? The Omega picks up his own plate and places it in the sink and starts washing the dishes.

“I’ll be home in the evening,” Dream calls out as George is midway done washing the dishes.

The Omega stops washing for a moment to look at Dream. He was dressed in a white long sleeved collared shirt, tucked into a belted pair of black dress pants. Truth to be told, he looked kind of good.. George returns his gaze back to washing dishes so he doesn’t get caught staring.

“If you want take-out, my card’s on the coffee table,” Dream says as he puts on his shoes.

“What’s your job anyway?” George asks.

“I’m a manager at my mom’s business.” Without waiting for a response, the front door slams shut. From the distance, he could hear the sound of a car engine starting up and speeding away.

George sighs as he finishes washing the dishes. Is this what his life will be now? Cooking and cleaning up for his Alpha? Would he be forced to bear pups?

It wasn’t that George didn’t want pups. He does, but in the far future. Right now, he would like to finish school. He also wished he wasn’t claimed. George enjoyed his freedom but being claimed by an Alpha meant getting your freedom taken away. There were limited things he could do as a claimed Omega.

George enters the bedroom, taking out the pill box and popping another suppressant pill. If Dream’s schedule was like this every day, then he’d have no problem sneaking in a pill every day.

He lays on the bed, pulling out his phone and decides he should text Darryl.

George:

Hi Darryl, hru?

Want to hang out sometime soon?

He waited a few minutes but his kind friend did not answer. Maybe he was busy? A ding notifies him of a reply and he immediately checks it.

Darryl:
Is this George?

George:

Yes

Darryl:
Dream's Omega?

George:
Darryl??

Darryl:
No
Its skeppy
My Omega's in heat righr nwo

George:
Is he okay??

Skeppy:
Ofc
He wont be able to use his phone ofr a week
You can chekcon him next weke
Read

Already? George thought. It would be Darryl's first heat. Most Omegas will get their first heat the year they turn 18. Although uncommon, it is possible to get your heat before the age of 18. Thankfully for George, he has been on suppressants since he turned 18. His heat won't come unless he stops taking them.

He looks at his texts once more before turning it off and throwing it to the side, opting to lay in bed instead. He really hopes Skeppy was going to take care of Darryl. Though he shouldn't be too worried since the last time he has seen his Omega friend, he seemed happy and Skeppy didn't seem like an asshole at all.

He was lucky to have gotten a kind, understanding Alpha.

George thinks about Dream. He was such an asshole before but it seemed as if he was trying his hardest to be nice to him. George felt bad that he still acts cold to Dream, despite Alpha's efforts. Perhaps he should be a little kinder as well.

After all, he was claimed. Nothing would change that. He just has to adapt to it.

Chapter 9

George sighs as he puts away the cleaning supplies back into the garage. As an inside person, he doesn't go out too much and he was starting to get bored getting cooped up in the house so much. He'd like to go out occasionally, but the only real friend he had was Darryl but his Omega friend was still in heat.

Walking back into the house, he grabbed his laptop from the coffee table and took a seat on the couch, opening and turning on his laptop. He was going to practice some coding since he hasn't been able to once school ended- he had to train for the run.

Too bad all that training for nothing.

Despite being an Omega, a claimed one no less, George was firm on continuing school and he didn't care if Dream was going to let him or not.

Speaking of the Alpha, Dream has yet again gone to work, leaving the house free for just George only. Or so he thought.

The creak of the front door opening breaks the silence and George immediately whips around to look who it was. It was still the afternoon and Dream shouldn't be coming home this early.

The man who entered had a lean-muscular build, raven black hair. He wore a black sleeve under a simple white tee with a flame in the middle, topped off with black and white checkered slip-on Vans. A strong scent of burning firewood, similar to how a fireplace would smell, drifted into the room.

Alpha. Definitely an Alpha.

The new Alpha closes the door and turns to smile at him. "Hi, George."

It was when the man took a seat on the couch, a foot away from where George sat, that he had noticed that his left ear had a small v-shaped slit on the lobe.

"I want to claim him too," the black and white wolf says confidently, dark eyes glaring at the larger cream furred wolf. "And I don't share."

The two Alpha wolves throw themselves at each other, teeth flashing, fur flying, blood splattering. The fight was over as it started.

The two alphas break apart, both having their own respective injury. But it seemed like the black and white Alpha had it worse - bite marks on his neck and flank and a torn ear, split into a V. Dream growled at him and the other Alpha lowered its head, giving one last look at George, those dark eyes piercing his, before stumbling off into the safety of the forest.

"It's you." George narrows his eyes.

The man chuckles. "It is me, Sapnap."

"What are you doing here," George asks, closing his laptop and putting it onto the side. "You're in Dream's property."

"I know," he laughs. "I'm his friend, one of his good friends, in fact," Sapnap says smugly,

twisting a key between two fingers.

George huffs. "I'm surprised you're still friends with him."

"I mean, it was disappointing that he beat me in that fight," Sapnap sighs. "But we've known each other since we were pups."

The black haired Alpha turned to his left, staring at George. He suddenly felt self conscious. Does the Alpha have no shame? Openly checking out an Omega, claimed by his friend no less.

"You're not fully claimed yet."

George tenses. "Yeah, and?" Because they haven't mated yet, Dream had given him a faint bite mark, staking a temporary claim on him.

Sapnap smirks, eyes moving from the faint bite mark to his eyes. "Well, if you ever want to leave Dream, I'll take you as a mate."

Sapnap leans closer to George. The Omega turns his head away from Sapnap, avoiding eye contact but unmoving.

"N-no thanks. I'm fine with Dream." As much as he hated to admit, he'd rather stay with Dream than with Sapnap, for some odd reason. Has he started liking Dream? Maybe just a little.

Sapnap quirks an eyebrow at that. "Even if you still don't accept him as a mate?"

George doesn't answer. Sapnap chuckles, pulling away. George felt relieved to have the distance between him and Alpha back.

"Well, I just wanted to visit but it seems like my dear good friend isn't home." Sapnap stands up, heading to the door. "My offer still stands, George. If you need an Alpha, I'm always here." He winks before giving him a short wave and closing the door shut.

George bites his lips. Was he supposed to tell Dream that he had come into his house and tried convincing him to leave him for Sapnap?

When the sun was just about to set, the familiar scent of pine wafts into the room. George was still on the couch, practicing JavaScript coding.

"I'm home," Dream announces.

"I know," George responds boredly, still focused on his screen.

"What'd you eat for lunch?" Dream asks, taking a seat on the couch, beside George. He begins texting.

"Just some noodles," he replies as he types in a new line of code.

"What kin-" Dream pauses, green eyes narrowing. "Who were you with?" He growls.

George finally turns his attention to Dream, lips between his teeth, eyes slightly averted to the side. "What do you mean?"

"I smell another Alpha," Dream growls.

“No one was in here but me.” George turns his focus back onto his laptop but Dream only closes it shut and places it gently onto the table.

“Don’t lie to me.” George could detect a hint of jealousy in his voice.

George looks down at his lap. There was no use hiding it anyway. “Sapnap came over.”

Dream sighs. “I knew I should’ve taken that key away from him.” He pulls George closer to him, right arm around his shoulder and chest pressed against George’s side. The unexpected gesture caused the Omega to yelp softly. “I know he wants you. He’s been wanting you ever since I beat him in the Run.”

The Alpha presses his nose against the faint bite mark on his left shoulder, scenting him. “He’s my friend, but I’ll never let you go, especially not to him,” Dream murmured against his skin.

The Alpha continues to scent him, rubbing his scent onto George. George lets him, a blush forming on his face. It felt nice.

“You’re mine, George.”

Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

It was Sunday, which was Dream's day off from work. He had offered to take George shopping and George was tired of staying home and staring at a screen so he had agreed and there he was sitting shotgun of Dream's blue ferrari.

George had insisted that they should take the white BMW instead but Dream just *had* to take the ferrari, claiming that he hasn't driven it in a while and wants to drive it. Definitely didn't help the looks that had come his way every time they had to stop at a red light.

He hated all the attention.

So George was glad when they had finally reached the mall. Because of Dream's Elite Alpha status, he parked in the Elites parking garage. Each stall was wide, wide enough for even a truck to have a comfortable amount of space to open their door.

"Where do you want to go?" Dream asks George as he locks his car.

"Uh, I don't know?" George stutters. He honestly didn't think they'd get this far.

Dream hums, walking to the direction of the elevator. "How about we buy you some clothes?" He suggests. "You've been wearing the same things over and over."

"W-what do you mean?" George sputters out, embarrassed. He looks down at the black skinny jeans he was wearing with a simple white tee tucked in.

It was true though. He didn't have that many clothes to wear. He was stingy when it came to money. With only the money he had gotten from his Beta parent's inheritance and the small amount he had earned from a part-time campus job, he really couldn't afford much.

Which was why he wanted a degree so he could get a decent job - hopefully a computer programmer - and be able to support himself financially. Only if they were willing to hire a *Omega*.

"Let's go to Ralph Lauren's first," Dream says. "I have to get some new dress shirts."

George kind of walked around the store like a child following their mom as Dream went to the dress shirts section. He picked out a standard white oxford shirt and a light blue slim fit poplin shirt.

"Why don't we get you some dress shirts too?" Dream had said.

Which was why he was in a dressing room with three colours of dress shirts: white, pink, and black. They didn't look terrible on him, but they would look better with some trousers than his cheap jeans.

To be honest, he was more focused on the price tags than anything. They were all about \$100 each.

Are you kidding me? I could buy ten more t-shirts with a hundred dollars.

George sighs as he unbuttons the pink dress shirt he tried on. He wasn't a fan of the pink.

“George?” Dream calls out, sounding incredibly close to the curtain doors of his room.

He panically buttoned up black dress shirt. “Y-yeah?” Why did the dressing rooms only have *curtains* as doors... Why not just a normal door?

“Are you done?” Dream’s shadow was visible in front of the curtains.

“Almost!” George finishes buttoning the last button.

“Can...” Dream hesitates. “Can I see?”

George slides the curtains to the side, facing Dream, blushing slightly. “I don’t really like the pink one very much, but the black and white seems fine.”

Dream only blinks once at him.

“What?” George chipped, suddenly self conscious. Did he really look that bad?

“We’re getting it all,” Dream says after the moments of silence. “You’re size medium right?”

“Yes...?”

Dream leaves the dressing room area without a word.

“I didn’t even like the pink on though,” George mumbled as he closes the curtain door again and starts to unbutton the black dress shirt so he can change back to his *comfortable* white tee.

George rehangs the shirts back onto their respective hangers, walking out of the room. He spots a rack that was filled with other clothes that looked like they had been worn. Assuming it was for returning clothes that didn’t work out, he places the pink dress shirt onto the rack.

“Hey, what do you think you’re doing?” A feminine voice called out.

He turned around to see a female worker, she looked angry with her arms crossed across her chest. She didn’t have a strong smell like how Alphas or Omegas would so she was definitely Beta.

“Is this the return rack?” George tilts his head in confusion.

“You’re an *Omega* aren’t you?” She narrows her eyes at his neck. His faded bite mark was half hidden under his shirt but she was able to see it through the thin material of his white tee. “You’re not even fully claimed?”

“So what?” George’s mood drops. *What was this lady on about?*

“What makes you think that you, an *Omega*, have the right to just leave clothes anywhere you want?” She huffs, grabbing the shirt he had hung on the rack, looking at the price tag before tossing it back at him. He had managed to barely grab it before it touched the ground. “Besides, can you even afford this?” She eyes his cheap outfit.

“Even your own Alpha doesn’t want you,” her eyes go back to the faded claim mark on his neck. “You’re just a useless, low class Ome-”

“I do want him.”

The lady’s eyes widens when she realizes the situation. Dream grabs George, pulling him close to him. He didn’t look terribly angry, he was more calm than anything, but that made him look more

scary.

“George, give her all the clothes you have,” Dream demands and he does, giving it to the lady who now openly accepts it. “I didn’t expect such behavior from an employee of Ralph Lauren.”

“I-I apologize, sir,” the worker bows, slightly.

“What’s your name?” Dream inquiries.

“Reina...”

“Hmph, alright.” Dream turns his attention back to George. “Let’s go to the checkout.”

They arrived at the checkout, a large black shopping bag already prepared.

“Did you want to get anything else?” Dream asks.

“No, not really,” George says, still a bit uneasy from what happened in the dressing room. He was used to being discriminated against because of his biology but he hadn’t expected it to happen in such a higher class store.

This is why I don’t like high class places. The people here are snobby.

“Remember to handle her appropriately. I’ll be making my leave.” Dream grabbed the bag from on top of the counter before heading out of the store.

“Thank you for stopping by, sir.”

George gave one last look at Reina, who was crying and being comforted by some of her coworkers. Secretly, he felt smug but at the same time he felt bad for the woman. What if she had a family to support? But it didn’t excuse her to be so rude to him.

“Did you hear that Reina had insulted the CEO’s son’s new Omega?”

“I did! Connor from section 3 just told me about it!”

“Who would be so stupid to insult an Elite Alpha’s mate?”

“I mean, we didn’t know it would be him coming in today.”

George nearly tripped on his feet after hearing the gossip from the store employees. George pulled the Alpha to the side once they left the store. Dream gives him a confused look.

“What was that about?” George demanded.

“She was being very rude to you, so I’m getting her fired,” Dream responded.

“No, not that,” George shook his head. “The employees were talking about you, I think.”

“Oh,” Dream coughs. “My mother is the CEO of Ralph Lauren. You could say I’m like the district manager of this store.”

George’s eyes widens. “Why didn’t you say so?”

The Alpha shrugs. “I dunno. Didn’t think you’d care.”

“How much did everything cost?” George eyes the large bag.

Dream laughs. “Nothing, of course. By the way, I got all three, even the pink one.”

“I don’t think the pink will match me,” he grumbles.

Dream ignores him. “Let’s go to Banana Republic.”

George rolls his eyes, following the Alpha who’s apparently on a shopping spree. And he thought women loved shopping. “Don’t tell me that your *father* is the CEO of Banana Republic.”

Dream wheezes. “He’s not.” It took a minute for the Alpha to gather himself together again. “My father’s the Chief Justice.”

“That... does not make it any better,” George mumbles to himself.

They entered Banana Republic, Dream picking out a few pairs of trousers for George and a black cashmere v-neck for himself.

“I think you’d look good in this sweater,” Dream hands him a turquoise-green long sleeve crewneck. “Wear it one size bigger for an oversized fit.”

“I don’t know, Dream...” George hesitated. It was a little out of his comfort zone. He usually wore simple, casual clothes to not attract attention. Most, if not all of his clothes were black or white.

“Do you have some light wash jeans?”

“Not really...”

“We’re going to Levi’s next so we can get you jeans,” Dream decided.

“I don’t need this many clothes, Dream.”

“We’re going shopping, of course we have to buy stuff.” Dream brushes him off before looking at the attendant that was with them. “We’ll take each of these in a size 28 and one of these in a large.”

The attendant smiles and nods at him, taking the items and heading to the back of the store. Apparently, when Elite Alphas go shopping, employees would always go to the back to get the new ones.

“You know, we could’ve just bought this hoodie and it would’ve been perfectly fine for me,” George mentions, playing with the fabric of a plain baby blue pullover hoodie. “It’s cheaper too.”

“If you wanted that, you could’ve said so,” Dream blinks.

“That’s not what I-”

“We’ll take one of these too, in a size large,” Dream tells the attendant that had just come back with a large beige shopping bag.

“You know I usually wear medium right,” grumbles George.

“I think you’d look cute in an oversized hoodie,” says Dream nonchalantly.

George blushes. *Why would he say that?*

After paying for their clothes, they left the store. George had insisted on carrying one of the bags because he felt useless. Dream had refused, of course, as an Alpha, he should be doing the more

heavy duty work, such as carrying their load from shopping. George, of course, didn't let him and pried the Banana Republic bag out of his hand.

"George?"

"Hm?" The Omega hums tiredly.

"Down for Italian food?"

"Uh, sure." *Actually, that sounds really good.* George's stomach growls. Shopping was exhausting and made him hungry.

They ended up going to a small french-italian cafe. Dream ordered a chicken alfredo pasta while George opted for a baguette sandwich.

"Want to try some of my pasta?" Dream had offered. He twirled the pasta onto his fork and offered a mouthful for George.

He blushed as he took the bite, cheeks tinting a pale pink as he chewed. Dream chuckles, leaning his head onto his propped up arm, mumbling a small "cute". It was hard for George to make eye contact with him after that.

"Do you like sweets?" The blonde Alpha asked, looking at the dessert menu.

"I do actually," George admits.

"Which one do you want?"

"Strawberry shortcake...?"

Dream shrugs. "Whatever you want." He hands the menu back to the server.

The cake looked as delicious as it could get. The only problem was that they were only given one fork.

"I'll feed you," Dream insisted when George kept saying he would ask for another fork. "All the servers are busy."

So bite by bite, Dream fed George and each bite, George was embarrassed, a permanent blush across his face.

But, it did feel nice to be taken care of.

"Wait, you haven't had a bite yet and it's almost gone," George had pointed out.

"As long as you're happy, I don't mind," Dream had replied, offering the last bite to his Omega.

Chapter End Notes

Hi! Just wanted to announce that I have made a twitter!

<https://twitter.com/wolfvixenleap>

If the link doesn't work, the @ is wolfvixenleap.

I will probably tweet out my current progress with chapters, updates, maybe showcase sneak peaks to future chapters, and polls on things like what I should write next for my one-shot series :)

Thank you for reading <3

Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Shapeshifters.

That's what they are. Everyone in the universe is able to shift into the form of a wolf and back into a human.

Wolves are natural predators with natural prey drive. To satisfy their inner wolf, they would go on "hunts". However, they go on these hunts occasionally, to respect the human in them. Legend says that if you hunt too often, you will permanently be stuck in your wolf form, unable to shift back to becoming human.

Though, George does think that cooked food tasted better.

The Alpha-Omega pair was already in wolf form, padding throughout the forest, sniffing for any scent trails. Despite having a sharp nose, George could not pick up any fresh trails, not even one of a hare.

Dream did however.

"Deer," Dream turns his head towards George, tail pointing to his left. "This way."

George has to admit, it was pretty impressive. Dream has a really sharp nose. He follows the Alpha wolf. Alphas usually led the hunts anyway.

Dream stops suddenly, and George lifts his head up, tail wagging in excitement. A small herd of deer just about ten meters ahead of them.

"There's no stag," Dream comments. "We only have to be worried about getting trampled."

George nods. "Let's go for the doe in the very back." The doe he referred to was young and small, almost like a fawn. Perfect for hunting. "I'll chase them to you so you can single her out." The black Omega wolf crouches down and starts stalking to the right side of the herd.

Dream blinks once. Perhaps it was because Alphas were supposed to be making most of the decisions on a hunt, commanding the pack. But Dream didn't mind. In fact, it was impressive to him that George is smart enough to think of hunt strategies.

He crouches where he is, hoping the undergrowth would be able to cover his bright coloured fur. Perhaps it was smart of George to be the one initiating the chase. Darker fur helped blending in the forest for maximum stealth.

George stalks to the right of the herd, carefully placing each paw so that he makes as less noise as possible. He was grateful for his black fur and lithe build. He was excellent at sneaking and surprising prey.

Once close enough he lifts his head up, watching the herd intently. They acted like how deer usually are: eating grass, lifting their head lazily in hopes to catch a predator coming at them and then lazily dipping back to pick at the ground again.

George smirks, tail lashing eagerly. Let the hunt begin.

The Omega snarls, startling the deers to alert before leaping out of his cover in the undergrowth. The small herd dashes away from George and he gives chase, careful to not get too close so that he doesn't get kicked in the face. The Omega puts on a burst of speed, trying to curve the herd to run into Dream.

Suddenly, there was a flash of golden fur paired with a deep growl. The large wolf appears from the bushes in front of the herd, causing the deer to split into two groups. George swiftly turns to chase after the targeted doe. Dream continues to chase, muscles flexing at each bound and with a massive leap, the Alpha was able to knock the deer onto its flank, teeth immediately on the doe's neck and ripping it out. George skids to a stop, the frantic clip-clop of the deer getting softer by the second.

The Omega wolf takes a look at his Alpha - jaws and chest fur bloodied. The Alpha flops down and lazily tears a chunk of meat off from the flank, tail flicking occasionally. Clearly he was enjoying the meal.

George sits down, several feet away from the carcass, waiting his turn, like how a Omega should. Omegas do not eat until the Alphas finish or until the Alpha allows them to eat.

Dream stops to suddenly turn to look at him.

"Oh, sorry. I forgot," Dream flattens his ears slightly. "You can come eat with me you know?"

George says nothing as he pads forward, laying down next to Dream and rips a mouthful of meat off the deer. The deer was a little too much for the two wolves but they knew that the forest has plenty of foragers that will eventually find it and finish the leftovers. The pair trots through the forest, looking for a stream to wash themselves off in.

When they found one, they laid near it, enjoying the coolness radiating from it. George begins to clean himself, licking his paws. Then he feels Dream shifting closer to him and the gentle nibbling of his teeth and soft licking near his neck fur.

If George wasn't a wolf, he would be blushing. Wolves would groom each other, especially when courting. But, George does the same, leaning forward to groom the thick ring of fur around the Alpha's neck, which had been bloodied slightly. He only wanted to return the favor. That's all. Nothing else.

No words were exchanged but no words were needed. They both groomed each other in a comfortable silence.

After some time spent grooming, George lets out a yawn, blinking once at Dream who blinks back at him. He lays his head onto the ground, tucking in his front paws and closes his eyes. He felt sleepy after hunting and eating.

George doesn't open his eyes when he feels the figure next to him shifting into a new position; curling around his hindquarters and laying his head on the middle of his back. He feels the steady heartbeat of the Alpha against his flank and hears his soft breathing.

He keeps his eyes shut, certain that he was safe.

Sorry for short chapter. Hopefully new chapter soon. Started working on it already.

Also twitter- @wolfvixenleap

Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

Apologies for the wait :')

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

A light *ding* jolts George awake from his light nap. He blinked owlishly twice before sitting up on the couch, where he had fallen asleep on, yawning and grabbing his phone that he had tossed on the side. His eyes widen when he realizes the text was from his Omega friend, Darryl.

Darryl:

Hi George! (°▽°)/

George:

Darryl!!

Sftlr, was napping

Darryl:

It's okay!

(つ≥▽≤)つ

George:

Call?

Incoming call from Darryl.

George immediately clicks on the green accept button. "Darryl?"

"George!" The other Omega seemed happy but George can hear a hint of tiredness. "How are you?"

"I'm doing fine," George lays back onto the couch, getting comfortable. "How are you though? Skeppy texted me on your phone that you were in heat...?"

"Yup!" The other Omega chirps. "I'm actually so excited! I really want pups. I hope I conceived this heat."

George smiles, relieved that Skeppy had taken care of Darryl well. He was happy that his friend had gotten a loving Alpha. His mind drifts to Dream. Was he a loving Alpha? In the beginning, he was definitely a jerk, but recently, he has been a lot kinder. In fact, it was quite enjoyable to be around him.

"Anyway," Darryl cuts off his train of thought. "How are you and Dream? Have you gotten your heat yet?"

George coughs. "We've been fine... and no, I haven't gotten my heat yet."

“Don’t tell me you and him fought, did you?”

“No!” George says quickly. “It’s been good- actually,” he admits. “We went on a... date the other day. Went shopping and then we had lunch.” The day where they went to the mall- was that a date?

“Aww,” Darryl coos. “That’s adorable!!”

“I guess,” he blushes, thankful that Darryl couldn’t see him right now. “I’m glad I found out more about him though.”

“Oh?”

“His mother is a CEO of a clothing company and his father’s like Chief Justice or something...”

“Woah, that’s so cool! No one can argue he’s not an Elite Alpha.”

“What about Skeppy?” George couldn’t help but feel curious about his friend’s mate. If he remembered correctly, both Skeppy and Sapnap were also Elites.

“His parents are CEOs of a car company,” Darryl sounded proud. “It’s why he’s such a car enthusiast.” Now the Omega sounded fond.

“You’ll live a comfortable life for sure.”

The Omega on the line sighs happily. “I hope so, mostly for my future pups. I want them to have a good life, not me.”

George could find himself nodding in agreement. It softened him to hear that Darryl was thinking about his future pups, not that he was surprised, he knew that his friend was the kindest Omega there can be. George himself was basically an orphan. His mother died birthing him while his father, who left his mother, couldn’t care less about him. His childhood was far from comfortable. He was glad to have been able to leave and take care of himself at age eighteen.

“Hey, George,” Darryl calls out softly.

“Hm?”

He hears shuffling on the other side. “Do you know when your heat will come?”

They sat in silence for a while. He brings up his legs towards his chest, hugging them slightly. “I don’t.”

“You’re still taking suppressants?”

George freezes. He had forgotten that Darryl had discovered his pills during a sleepover. He remembered seeing the disapproval in his friend’s eyes but his kind friend did not comment on it.

“Yes,” he finally admits.

“You know the side effects can be bad.” There it was. The same disapproval from that time. Even if the other Omega was miles away, he could still feel it.

“I know,” he lifts his head. “But it’s what I have to do. I- I don’t want pups.”

“Ever?”

He pauses for a moment. "I never said that." Pups had never crossed his mind when he worked his ass off at work, or when he was studying at school. How could he support pups when he couldn't even support himself? Though, he supposes now that he has been claimed, Dream would have plenty of resources to support him and their pup.

Their pup...

He blushes again. Him? Carrying *Dream's* pups? He shakes his head. He had things to do before he even thought about having pups. And he had other things to do before even considering *mating* with his Alpha.

"Well, whatever your choice is, I think it's best to tell your Alpha."

George bites his lips. What would Dream do or say if he told him? Would he throw him out? When two wolves are bonded to each other, through a claiming mark, unbonding is painful for both parties. A permanent broken heart. Their inner wolves would cry in sorrow and rarely do a bond-broken wolf find a new mate.

"*Darryl!*" A distant voice could be heard from his friend's side. It must be Skeppy.

"I have to go now, George," Darryl says softly. "I'm always here for you if you ever need to talk! I miss you a lot! We need to hang out soon."

George lets out a small smile. "Yes. And same here. I'll always be here for you too. Don't be afraid to text or call when a certain Alpha upsets you."

He hears giggling, "Skeppy is too sweet to upset me! Anyway, bye bye George!"

The end call beep signals his friend hanging up. Just as he puts his phone down, the door clicking open catches his attention.

"You're home early," he comments as Dream closes the door, kicking off his shoes.

"Yup," he replies, placing a plastic bag onto the dining table. "I got something for you."

"Huh?" George sits up, staring curiously at the bag the Alpha has placed on the table. "What is it?"

Dream smiles as he takes a neat, brown cardboard take out box. "It's strawberry shortcake from the same restaurant we went to the other day." He walks over to George, handing the box to him, and he takes it with delight, honey brown eyes shining.

"Enjoy," Dream smiles as he walks over to the bathroom to shower.

"Wait-"

Dream pauses in his steps, turning slightly to George, confusion clear on his face.

"Uh," George stutters.

I think it's best to tell your Alpha.

Should he tell him about the suppressants?

"George?" Dream prompts, worry starting to form on his face. His gelled up dirty blonde hair and his white button up dress shirt makes him look way too attractive. George looks away blushing.

"Thank you, Dream," he finally says.

That soft smile reappears on the Alpha's face. "You're welcome."

Chapter End Notes

Twitter- <https://twitter.com/wolfvixenleap>

also im really bad with html so the lines looks double spaced even if its not supposed to be for the text messaging.

11/20/2020:

Made a discord server, if you're interested in joining, here is the link:

<https://discord.gg/6bZUvHBzy9>

Chapter 13

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Sunlight filters through the bedroom's thin curtains. George slowly blinks his eyes open, gazing at the window that shows the offending light. He closes his eyes once more and turns over to the other side, only to open his eyes suddenly upon realizing the position he was in.

Strong arms were wrapped around his waist, his face now towards a lean chest. George blushes, closing his eyes once more. Dream must've pulled him close in the middle of the night. Though, he has to admit, the strong pine scent (with a slight hint of apple) *did* smell nice. His heart starts to speed up and he subconsciously leans closer.

"Good morning," a gruff voice said.

George's eyes flashes open again, looking upwards at the Alpha who was still holding him. "Good morning..." he averts his gaze, blush growing redder.

One arm leaves his waist, snaking up to his chin and tilts it up. Green eyes meet brown for a moment before those stunning green orbs drifts downwards to George's lips. Those green eyes became half lidded as he inched closer.

George tilts his head away last second. "I have to go use the bathroom," he said as he gets up from the bed and quickly walks into the ensuite bathroom. He could sense the slight disappointment in that signature pine scent in the air as he closed the door. The Omega splashes some water on his face, both hands clutched on the sides of the sink. He looks up at the mirror. The slight blush on his face did not match the intensity of how hard his heart was pounding.

Pounding in what? Fear? Excitement?

He shakes his head looking down at the sink. George sighs as he grabs his toothbrush and the tube of toothpaste. He might as well get ready for the day.

When George finally leaves the bathroom, he blinks in surprise to see that Dream has already left. The bed was unmade and he took it upon himself to make it. He walks out of the bedroom and finds that one of the three apples he placed in the fruit basket on the dining table had disappeared.

He bits his lips bitterly. Perhaps he should've made his Alpha breakfast like how a *good* Omega would.

In school, they were divided by their secondary gender - Alpha, Beta, and Omega. They would take sub-gender specific courses. George and other Omegas would learn how to cook, clean *properly*, and do chores. By middle school, George was sure he had learned enough recipes to open his own restaurant. Meanwhile, Betas and Alphas were probably learning more useful courses like how to manage a business or leadership training courses.

Despite being claimed, which goes against his original plans for life, George was determined to get his degree and be able to financially support himself, without the help of his Alpha.

Dream sighs as he closes the door to his office. He takes a seat down at his chair and turns on his

work computer. Then there was a knock on his door and he tells whoever knocked to come in, fingers on his keyboard logging onto his computer.

A petite Beta woman - his secretary - walks in with a thick stack of papers and files and Dream internally screams.

“Good morning, Dream,” she greets with an apologetic smile. “The boss wanted you to finish this up.” His secretary places the stack files onto a clear space on his left.

“Thanks, Lainey,” he says without looking up from the computer.

“Also, an investor from Company C wants to schedule a meeting with you,” she looks down at her ipad. “Your schedule seems to be clear either later today or Friday lunchtime. Which one would you prefer?”

The Alpha stops typing for a moment, leaning back into his chair with his arms crossed, eyebrows furrowed. “Hmm, I think I’d prefer the Friday one,” his head wants to start pounding. *Damn the amount of paperwork.* He would probably have to spend the whole day doing it. “Tell him we’ll meet at Bluetree Cafe at 12; my treat.”

Lainey nods. “Anything else you’d like me to do?”

“No, you can go.” The door closes with a soft click, indicating that his secretary has left his office.

Dream proceeds to slump back into his chair; how unprofessional of him.

Why mom? He thought as he eyes the despicable stack of paperwork on his desk.

Just when he thinks his day couldn’t get any worse, his door opens yet again, but without a knock. He immediately sits up, patting down his white dress shirt to try rid of the wrinkles. Then from the corner of his eyes, he sees the smug expression on the figure leaning against the now closed door and he rolls his eyes, hands dropping back to his sides, uncaring about his semi-wrinkled shirt.

“Heya, Dreamie.”

“Couldn’t you have at least knocked?” Dream rolled his eyes again. “Why are you in my office anyway, Sapnap?”

“A friend can’t visit?” Sapnap smirks, taking a seat on the small couch on the side of his office. “So what’s up with your shitty attitude? Did a certain Omega upset you?”

Dream sighs, leaning back into his chair once more. “No, he didn’t upset me.” *Although, I was a bit disappointed.* “It’s the fact that my mom assigned me to do that stack of paperwork to do.” He nods towards said paperwork.

Sapnap coughs. “That sucks. But hey, at least you get paid.”

“I guess.”

Sapnap only had his father, an Alpha, to rely on. The Alpha was a prestigious surgeon at a famous hospital. His mother, also an Alpha, had died birthing Sapnap. Alpha females tend to have difficulties during birth. Although Sapnap had to rely on his father to give him money, they were still pretty loaded, considering his mother had left her mate and child what she had.

“So how *is* your Omega doing?”

Dream stops his typing to glare at him. "Oh yeah, I forgot. You paid a visit to him some time ago, when I was at work."

"Oh that," Sapnap says dismissively as he scrolls through presumingly Twitter on his phone. "Was just checking up on him."

"Look, I know you're my friend and all, but I'm not letting you have him."

"Even if he doesn't want you?" Sapnap looks up, staring straight into his eyes. "Claiming and mating an Omega that doesn't want you? Our society is a little messed up, huh?"

Dream freezes for a bit. There was some truth to the other Alpha's words. The idea of "The Run" was to help Alphas find a fertile mate, continuing their bloodline. After all, Alphas produce the best heirs with Omegas. It was how the world created them. Alphas and Omegas were meant to be with each other.

He thinks about what happened in the morning: George rejecting his kiss. As well as the other time when they were exploring and hanging out in the forest. He'll admit that he knew George didn't want to be his mate when they were wolves out in the ceremony. Yet, he claimed him. He remembered those beautiful, bright amber eyes, clouded with fear as he pinned him down onto the forest floor.

However, he regrets getting angry at him, forcing him to do things he didn't want to do, and especially threatening to mate him when his heat comes. Dream's starting to realize that he deserved all that hatred present in those same eyes, whether in wolf or human form.

But he'd like to think that George would fall for him eventually. He tried changing himself to become a better and nicer Alpha to his legal mate.

"And what makes you think that George would want *you*?" Dream glares back at Sapnap, arms now crossed. "It's the same with you, you wanted him just as badly as I did during the ceremony."

Sapnap blinks twice before chuckling. "I guess you're right, but you know me- I'm a little messed up."

Dream sighs before returning back to whatever he was doing on his computer. "Whatever, just don't come to my house unannounced again. I think you scared George a bit."

"Gotcha, boss."

"Anyway," Dream stops speaking for a few seconds as he types out something onto the document. "Have you visited Skeppy? He told me the other day that he mated with his Omega."

"I have yet to visit him," Dream could hear the longing in Sapnap's voice. "The three of us need to hang out again. Both of you are both busy now that you guys have *Omegas* to take care of."

Dream decides to ignore the hint of jealousy in the Alpha's tone. "I'm also busy with work," he grumbles.

Sapnap shrugs. "True, I do have a lot of free time compared to both of you, since I don't really have a job nor do I have an Omega to dote on."

"You should've claimed one."

"Well you see," Sapnap sighs, dropping his phone onto his lap and leans back into the couch. "You

claimed the one that I wanted and then I couldn't find another one I liked."

"Better luck next time then."

"Since Skeppy mated his Omega, I wonder if he'll conceive. They'll have such cute pups. I'd be the best godfather ever."

Dream rolled his eyes. "What makes you think that you'll be their godfather when I'm here?"

"We can both be godfathers," Sapnap grins. "I assume *you* haven't mated with your Omega yet, have you?"

"I don't know when his heat is."

"Well, it's more like whether he'll let you mate him or not," Sapnap sighs. "At least Skeppy's Omega actually likes him."

"We're getting there," he grumbles. And Dream truly believes that. He feels that George trusts him, even if it's just a little. Progress is what matters.

"Anyways, get out of my office, you're distracting me from my work," he waves his hand in a shooing motion. "I have so much shit to do."

"Have fun, Dreamie~" Sapnap grins before letting the door shut.

Dream makes a mental note to let Lainey know to never let Sapnap into his office ever again.

Chapter End Notes

Twitter: <https://twitter.com/wolfvixenleap>

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Discord: <https://discord.gg/6bZUvHBzy9>

I know my Wattpad readers & Twitter followers already knows this but I made a discord server for you guys to discuss about my stories or just chat in general :)

Overall, I just want it to be a comfortable & judge-free zone. Since I write nsfw, assume there will be nsfw topics being discussed as well as nsfw images.

Thank you for your patience!

Chapter 14

It was a Sunday, meaning that Dream had the day off. George leaves the snoring Alpha in their shared bed as he quietly went to the ensuite bathroom to get himself ready for the morning. After leaving the bathroom, he heads straight to the kitchen, opening the fridge to check out what he could make for breakfast.

Unfortunately, he had little option. Since Dream had sent away his personal chef, their fridge and pantry has been deprived of its contents. He sighs, closing the fridge and looks at the clock hung in the living room. It was only nine o' clock so it was relatively early.

George quietly heads back into the bedroom, grabbing a simple white tee and black jeans in their walk-in closet. After dressing himself, he exits the house with Dream still sleeping soundly in the bedroom. The Alpha deserved a good rest on the weekends as he worked everyday.

He regrets not getting his driving license a few years back. But then again, the instructor would probably refuse to give him one, even if he does well on the driving test, simply because he was an Omega.

But a little exercise wouldn't hurt him. He was relatively fit before The Run, with his daily training and all (not that that training really helped him this year), but he could start to feel the decline in muscle after all the time he has spent in the house just eating and getting fat.

After walking about ten minutes, he reached the local marketplace at the end of the neighborhood. George grabs a shopping basket and heads towards where they sold fruits and vegetables. The Omega places his basket onto the floor and proceeds to pick through some oranges.

He feels a hand on his waist and he jumps slightly, dropping the two oranges he was comparing and turns around, eyebrows furrowed and teeth gritted. He faces a taller male, Alpha, from his scent. The Alpha's hand slides down his waist to hips and slides around to his ass.

"What the fuck are you doing?" George growls as a hand starts groping him. He pushes the man away roughly, thankful for the few inches of space between them.

"Being a good Omega?" The Alpha smirks as he continues to eye him down. "Where's your Alpha, if you have one?"

"I have a mate already," George grits out. Was Dream his mate though? Or was he just using his title as an excuse. They haven't mated yet so technically they weren't mates, yet.

The Alpha huffs amusingly as he leans against the stand that displayed the oranges. "Really? Your claim mark seems faded. Did your Alpha leave you because you were being a bad Omega?" The Alpha teased.

"Fuck off," he growls.

The Alpha shrugs, smirking before flicking his hand as a wave. Glad that that was over, George finishes up his grocery shopping and walks back home, arms sore from carrying everything. The Omega looks at the clock, it was just about to hit ten forty-five. He's surprised that Dream hasn't woken up yet.

Regardless, he was going to make that shrimp fettuccine alfredo he was thinking about on his way home. He fills a pot and starts boiling the water for the pasta and adds a generous amount of salt. George takes out the box of frozen shrimp he had just bought from the store and prepares it and

seasons with salt and pepper. The Omega heats up a skillet, placing a bit of butter in it. After the butter melts, he places the shrimps in, finding the slight sizzling satisfying.

Arms wrap around his waist, startling him. "Why do you smell like another Alpha?" Dream's voice was still heavy with sleep. George blushes when he feels the other nosing his scent gland and burying his face into the junction between his neck and shoulder.

"Get off me," he mumbles. "I'm cooking." George would never admit it, but it certainly felt nice to be embraced. He was glad that he wasn't facing him. He can't bear the thought of Dream being able to see his red face.

Dream ignores him, continuing to scent the Omega. "You smell so good, George..." The Alpha murmured. "You'd smell better if you didn't have that stupid Alpha's scent."

George turns around, gently pushing the tall Alpha away, eyes averted. He will not look at him. He won't be able to take it, seeing as how handsome the Alpha was. He won't - can't - find this Alpha attractive. "G-go away, I'm making us brunch."

Dream sighs before pulling away, stretching his arms and yawning. "You know, if you carried my scent, then you wouldn't be bothered by other Alphas."

George turns back around to the skillet, flipping the shrimp. To carry Dream's scent would either mean he has to be scented by him daily or for them to simply mate with each other. His face starts to burn again. Though, it would make his life easier if he did carry the Alpha's scent. But he still didn't want to be mated, at least not yet.

They ate relatively in silence on the dining table, George's eyes still avoiding Dream's face. George picks at a shrimp, lifting his fork towards his mouth.

"You're a great cook," Dream compliments randomly.

"Thanks," he says simply.

"Well, thanks for the brunch," the Alpha picks up his plate and places it in the sink. "I'll be working on something here, if you need me for anything, just let me know, okay?"

"Sure."

George finishes up and carries his plate to the sink. He begins washing the dishes, thoughts of the Alpha from the grocery store come back in mind.

Disgusting Alphas.

But was Dream one of them? He used to think so but now George was beginning to doubt. Sure Dream had wronged him and treated him like property in the beginning, but the Alpha had really started to change for the better. His heart starts to race.

He dries his hands after he finishes washing and turns around. The Omega freezes. Dream sat at the dining table, laptop now opened, typing something on it. He had black framed glasses on, eyebrows furrowed as he focused on whatever it was he was typing. The Alpha was dressed casually in a white tee, tight enough for George to make out some muscle, and some grey joggers.

Suddenly, Dream looks up and smirks at him and he blushes, looking away and starts making his way to the bedroom.

“Enjoying the view, hun?”

The Omega doesn't reply as he shuts the door to their bedroom and sits on the bed, hand running through his hair.

George will not fall in love with this Alpha.

George was totally falling in love with this Alpha.

He reaches under the bed frame, a familiar orange pill bottle resting in his hand. He almost feels guilty when he takes another suppressant pill that day.

Chapter 15

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

It was just past lunchtime and George was lounging about in the living room, laying on the couch. He had made himself a simple burger for lunch and was now watching some random TV show. Just as he was about to pop another piece of popcorn in his mouth, the front door suddenly slams open, the sound startling the Omega slightly, putting him on edge.

George relaxed when he realized it was just Dream. The Alpha looked a little dazed, if not, a little flustered as well as he took off his shoes and closed the door.

“Welcome home,” George says, gaze returning back to the TV screen. “Also, can you not slam the door open next time?” He couldn’t help but roll his eyes in annoyance.

“Sorry,” the Alpha murmured. “I just wanted to come home early to let you know that my parents are coming here for dinner. They want you to cook a meal for them.”

George froze. “W-what?”

Dream nodded grimly as he undid his tie, throwing it on the couch as he plopped down a few seats away from George. The Omega eyed the tie in annoyance. He’ll probably be the one cleaning up after him since the almighty Alphas never do house chores.

“They knew I claimed an Omega during this year’s Run,” Dream explained. “So they wanted to meet you.”

George places the bowl of what remained of the popcorn onto the coffee table. “What dishes do I have to make?”

“My father would like a steak and my mother would like salmon.”

George sighs. “And what would you have?”

Dream looked thoughtful for a second. “Lamb?”

“You’re so lucky I went grocery shopping the other day,” he mumbled. “I wished I had a little more warning.” George eyed Dream with an annoyed glare.

“It was a surprise to me too,” Dream counters before sighing. “They’re going to be judging you, I hope you know that.”

“Thanks for making this better for me,” he deadpans. “I guess I’ll prepare the ingredients early.”

George made his way towards the kitchen, opening the fridge and taking out the ingredients he wanted to use.

“They’ll be here at around six,” Dream called out before heading into the bedroom, presumably to shower.

He looks at the kitchen counter, all the ingredients spread out. Is this what his life will be from now on? To cook everyday for his Alpha? As well as to carry said Alpha’s pups? This wasn’t his preferred life, but he knew deep inside that eventually, he would’ve been claimed and mated.

He just didn't expect it to have been so soon.

Regardless, no matter what Dream or anyone says, he's still going back to college and earning a degree so he could get a job and support himself as well. He didn't and had never felt comfortable with spending Dream's money. George shakes his head and lets out a huff of breath. Right, dinner.

The doorbell rang at exactly six o'clock in the evening. George had just begun cooking the entrees and he was just about to call for Dream to open the door as he had to keep an eye on the stove, but the Alpha was already dashing towards the door, dressed casually in a cream coloured sweater and black joggers.

"Welcome, mother, father," Dream greets.

Just by their scents and without looking, George could tell both were Alphas. The Omega turns around and smiles at them. "Hello," George greets.

Both of Dream's parents were tall, his father only a few inches taller than his wife. His father had black hair and a sharp jaw. His face seemed to have slight wrinkles from age, although he still looked relatively handsome. He wore a tight dark blue dress shirt and khaki pants with a belt. One could make out the slight pectoral muscles shaped from the tight shirt, similar to how Dream would look when dressed in his work uniform. His mother had long blonde hair, tied up in a bun, wearing an emerald green dress with a deep crossover neckline and a slit that goes up to her mid-thigh on her left leg. She was indeed a beautiful woman. For someone who was nearing her 50s, she looked young.

"Hi, sweetie," Dream's mother says, looking brightly at him with interest. "It's a pleasure to meet you." Dream's father only smiles kindly at him.

"Likewise," George replies quickly. He hadn't expected his parents to be so friendly with him. "Would you like something to drink?" He offered.

Dream's mother chuckles lightly. "Your Omega is treating us so much better than you are," she quips to her son. "Aren't you going to offer us some seats?"

"Uh, sorry," Dream says awkwardly, reaching towards a chair on the dining table, to which Dream's mother took her seat on. George had to stifle a bout of laughter. He had never seen Dream so awkward before.

"And darling, don't worry about drinks," the Alpha female waves at George dismissively. "I'm sure Dream can handle pouring a few drinks for us. Focus on your food, it smells wonderful already, doesn't it, honey?"

"Indeed it does," Dream's father replied, taking a seat next to his wife. "Your name is George, correct?"

"Yes," he answers as he flips a piece of meat.

"What wine would you like, father?" Dream asks.

"Hmm," the elder Alpha hums. "You got a Château Pape Clément bottle? It's your mother's favorite."

"I do, actually," Dream replies. "I'll go get that right now." The Alpha scuttles to the kitchen,

opening the wine cabinet.

As the Alpha grabbed some wine glasses, he smiled apologetically at George. "Sorry if my parents are too difficult to handle," he says softly.

"They seem fine for now," George replies back.

"Smells great by the way," the Alpha comments before making his way back to the already set dining table with the bottle of wine and four wine glasses.

As he lets the food sit for a bit, he carries the bowl of caesar salad he had prepped for an appetizer to the dining table. The Alpha family were sitting there, conversing as they sipped on fine wine.

"Ah lovely, you made us an appetizer!" Dream's mother comments.

"I hope you'll like it," George says shyly before heading back to the kitchen.

After a few more minutes, he decided that the entrees were cooked enough and began to plate them with Dream's parents' being first. He serves the two Alphas, placing the plates in front of them each.

"The food looks lovely," Dream's mother comments.

He finally serves his and Dream's dishes and takes his seat next to Dream. Dream's father was the first to cut into his steak. George, slightly nervous, doesn't dare look at the Alpha in the eye, in case he found it disrespectful. Instead, he cuts into his portion of salmon.

"It's perfectly cooked for medium rare," the Alpha comments, taking another bite.

Dream's mother smiles with her eyes. "Sweetie, you've cooked this beautifully. Seasoned perfectly and cooked just the way I like it."

"Thank you," George says shyly. He wasn't used to being complimented like this.

"How is your lamb, Dream?"

"It's delicious," Dream turns to look at George, proudness shining in his eyes.

"You cook very well for an Omega, dear," Dream's mother sips on her wine. "You cook better than our private chef. Makes me wonder if I should replace her with you."

"He's mine," Dream growls before his eyes widens and he looks down. "Sorry, mother."

She blinks twice in surprise before laughing gently. "You must be very fond of him."

Dream stays silent, eyes averted. George was blushing slightly, heart racing at those words. *He's mine*. Why did those words affect him like this?

"Well anyway," Dream's mother turns her gaze towards him. George feels slightly awkward as the Alpha female eyes him down. "Not bad looking, pretty cute. Heard you were the Omega who completed the Run for two years in a row, I believe?"

"Yes, ma'am."

That seemed to have perked Dream's father's interest. "Oh? You must be pretty fit then."

“Well, I had to train for the Run.”

“You didn’t want to get claimed?” Questioned the elder Alpha.

George bits his lips. “I didn’t.”

The Alpha hums. “I see. Well, I think you’d be a good fit for our family. You’re fit, we’re all Elite Alphas, and your pups will be superior.”

“Oh I hope that your first pup will be an Alpha,” Dream’s mother adds in. “After all, Dream does need an heir when he inherits the company from us.”

Pups? George’s mind races. He wasn’t ready for pups. He was only 20 and Dream was only 18. He shifts in his seat, uncomfortable with the talk and it seemed like Dream was also uncomfortable. But for what? Didn’t the Alpha want him to carry his pups as well?

“We don’t have to have pups just yet, mother,” Dream says.

She smiles dismissively at him. “There’s nothing wrong with having pups early. I would’ve had you earlier if I could, but it’s harder for us Alpha women to get pregnant and birth,” she sighs, almost woefully. “Speaking of which, when is your next heat, George?”

“Uh,” George stutters. This time, even Dream looks at him with interest. “In a week,” he lies.

“Well, Dream, keep us updated if he conceives.”

“Yes, mother,” Dream says awkwardly.

After more awkwardness, the dinner was finally over and the two Alphas made their leave. The Omega gathers all the used dishes, placing it in the overly large sink before washing off the residue. To his surprise, he feels the Alpha standing next to him, rolling up the sleeves of his sweater.

“I’m gonna help you out with these,” he says. And George lets him. The pair scrubbed and washed the dishes together in a comfortable silence.

“Why didn’t you tell me when your next heat was?” The Alpha says suddenly, as he rinses off a plate.

George stays silent, continuing to wipe down the plate Dream had just rinsed.

“George?” Dream tilts his head slightly, worried laced in his voice.

“I don’t actually know if it’ll be next week,” he finally says, voice soft.

“Why?”

Because I’ve been taking suppressant pills.

The Alpha was only met with silence.

Chapter End Notes

Twitter: <https://twitter.com/wolfvixenleap>

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Chapter 16

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George sighs softly, pushing back into the warmth behind him. Dream's arms tightens around his waist, nuzzling into his neck and scenting his scent gland. The Alpha-Omega pair had begun to trust each other a lot more. They were much more comfortable with each other and Dream no longer pressured him to mate with him.

Though, the Alpha can't help but wonder when his next heat was.

"Good morning," Dream mumbles, lips moving across his neck.

"That tickles," George growls good humouredly, an arm reaching back to push him away.

"Oh?" Dream smirks and begins to press his fingers on the side of his stomach, deliberately - and effectively - tickling him.

George couldn't help but let out a series of laughs, squirming and struggling to push the hefty Alpha away from him. "Stop!" George giggles. But of course, the Alpha doesn't stop.

Until a soft, but noticeable clattering sound was heard.

George freezes. Dream stops tickling him and tilts his head in curiosity as he looks at the floor. The orange pill bottle he has hidden under the bed frame must've gotten out of place from the shaking.

"Wait-" George tries to say but it was too late as the Alpha reached down, eyebrows furrowed as he read the label.

The Alpha doesn't say anything for a long minute, eyes still glued onto the label on the pill bottle. He sits back on his knees, hands clasped against the bed sheet, eyes averted down.

Why do I feel guilty?

His old self wouldn't feel guilty. I mean, it wasn't like he *chose* to be an Omega. It wasn't *his* fault that Omegas were looked down upon in society. So *why* does he feel this way?

George glances up and obvious disappointment was shown in the Alpha's expression. To George's dismay, he could smell the anger that began wafting off of Dream's signature pine and apple scent, turning sour, like a rotten apple.

They were just starting to be good to each other. And then this happens.

"You need to stop taking these," Dream finally breaks the long silence. "They're going to make you infertile, especially since you've been taking them for years."

George shakes his head. "I don't want to risk a heat nor do I want to risk mating with you." Dream opens his mouth but nothing comes out. He wanted to say "what's wrong with having pups?" and "when will I be enough for you?" but he opted to stay silent. He knows it's wrong of him to ask so much from George, especially since he never wanted to be here in the first place. But still, the wolf counterpart in him that will want pups or a mate will never go away.

The Alpha sighs before placing the pill bottle onto the bed besides George. "I'm going to go get

some fresh air.” Dream gets off from the bed and leaves the room, leaving George alone in the house.

He feels his heart break seeing the back of his Alpha’s back. He was starting to miss the comforting scent of pine and apple.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry, short chapter as I just got back to writing ^^

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Chapter 17

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Even after days, the Alpha Omega pair were still awkward with each other, often avoiding each other's gazes and trying their best to not come across each other's paths.

George finishes up making lunch, placing a perfectly cooked chicken breast on top of linguine pasta and topping it with sprinkles of parsley. He has never taken pride in his cooking skills, even if he was a natural at cooking. It was *because* he was an Omega he was forced to learn how to cook in school.

The Omega places their lunch on the dining table, taking his seat before cutting his chicken with a knife. He looks up with Dream walks towards the dining table, giving one glance at George. "Gonna eat in our room today, I have some work to take care of," the Alpha mumbles, again, for the third day in a row. The Alpha picks up the plate and walks to the master bedroom.

George couldn't help but feel hurt. His heart clenches, an almost unbearable pain. He places a hand against his chest, pressing on it, gasping once. His inner wolf howled in pain and sorrow at the rejection given from the Alpha who had claimed him.

He sighs as he finishes his lunch, alone. Shortly after, Dream comes out from his room, placing his plate into the sink, where George was washing up.

"School's starting soon," he says quietly.

Dream pushes up his glasses, gaze attentive at the open laptop he was holding in one arm, scrolling through something. "I'll handle your tuition," he says as he walks out of the kitchen.

"That's not what I mea-" he starts to say but the Alpha waves his hand dismissively.

"As any good Alpha would do, I'll be supporting you financially."

Part of George was angry at the other for implying that he wasn't capable of making money on his own. But the other part of him knows that getting financial support was a big help and that making money on his own at the moment was extremely difficult for an Omega. He hasn't made much from his freelance coding jobs since many of his clients were unwilling to let an *Omega* do such an "important task" or they would simply pay him less *because* he was an Omega.

Still, George didn't like that he had to depend on Dream so much. He already felt bad that the Alpha paid off his student debt. Now, his tuition will be paid for as well.

He hated being this useless.

The clock ticked, reaching midnight. George yawns, closing his laptop after working on a coding project someone had requested for. He goes into the master bedroom, noticing the ensuite bathroom lights turned on. Dream was probably in there preparing for sleep.

He sits on the bed, reaching down for the pill he had hid, well, *placed*, since it's something that he had failed hiding. George pops one in his mouth, swallowing the pill down with a mouthful of

water just as Dream leaves the shower, in shorts and a mere towel over his shoulder, abs glistening with faint water. He blushes, and looks away, from both guilt of taking his pill and from embarrassment from thinking about just how attractive the Alpha looks.

Dream continues to towel dry his dirty blonde hair as George slips the pill bottle back underneath the bed frame and that's where he heard Dream sigh.

"You don't have to hide your pills, George," the Alpha puts away his towel, grabbing a white t-shirt. "I'm not going to throw them away."

George only stares at the Alpha, doubt clouding his mind. *But you once told me you wanted pups.*

The Alpha sits on his side of the bed, laying down. "Look, if I wanted to throw away your pills, I would've done so already. It's been three days since they've been found."

All George could only do was nod, lying awkwardly next to the Alpha. They both said nothing as they slept, back against each other, even if George's inner wolf, maybe even his human self, wanted nothing more but to be held by Dream's sturdy arms.

Chapter End Notes

Discord: <https://discord.gg/6bZUvHBzy9>

This is where I announce my updates as well as have fun chatting with you guys :) I also ask for suggestions such as what food the couple should eat xD for example, in this fic, they ate chicken parm, as suggested by one of my discord mods. Overall, fun discord.

Chapter 18

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George:
Hey, Darryl

Darryl:

George!! (´▽`)/

How have you been?

George:
I've been... alright for the most part.

Darryl:

...

Call me

George sighs dejectedly, falling back onto the bed. He's been hanging out in the bedroom for the most part, snuggling up in blankets and pillows. As hard as it is for George to admit, he missed being with Dream. Staying in the bedroom makes him feel closer to him, as his scent is the strongest there. George clicks on the call button for his best friend. In a second, the other Omega picks up.

"Hi, George!" Darryl greets.

"Hey," George smiles slightly. "How are you doing?"

He hears the other Omega sigh sadly. "I didn't conceive this heat."

"You'll have more heats to come, Darryl. Besides, you're still young - you have plenty of time," George reassures him. Though, he personally can't feel the same desire to have pups that Darryl has.

"Anyway," Darryl quickly goes back to sounding like his normal self. "Let's talk about you, that's why I made you call me. I can tell that you're lying when you say that you're alright. Talk."

"The truth is," George starts, his mouth opened but he couldn't bring himself to say it.

"The truth is...?" Darryl prompts.

He sighs. "The truth is that I miss being with him. We haven't been talking since he found out about the pills-" He hears Darryl gasp softly and George grimaces. "Yeah, he found out when the pill fell out from where I hid it."

"You like him don't you?"

Both Omegas were silent for a minute with George sitting in thought and denial and eventual realization.

“Yeah, I do,” George admits. “Only a little though...” His eyes averting to the mirror closet door which reflected the slight blush on his face.

“Doesn’t it feel nice to love? To be loved?”

George bites his lips. He wouldn’t consider it love... yet. “But I don’t want to live my life as a typical Omega. I want a degree, a job so I can support myself too. I don’t like relying on people this much.”

“He’s your mate George. Nothing can change that, unfortunately.” Darryl softened his voice. “In our world, we Omegas rely on our Alphas.”

That might be how Darryl thinks, he may think that relying on an Alpha is fine, but to George, he wanted to break that stereotype. He wants to prove that Omegas weren’t just breeders. That they were capable of living life like a Beta, or an Alpha.

He hears his friend sigh. “Well, I’ve known you long enough to know that you won’t change your way of thinking,” Darryl smiles slightly. “I won’t force you to think like me or like other Omegas, but I can tell you care about him and that you’re hurt. As your best friend, it pains me to know that you’re hurt. You should try to mend your relationship with him.”

“How?” George furrowed his eyebrows, confused.

“Well, you lost his trust by not telling him the truth with the pills. You’ll need to earn his trust back.”

“How would I do that?”

Darryl shrugs. “I don’t know. It also doesn’t help to be more friendly with him. I know that you probably act like he’s a thorn on your side, right?” His friend chuckles.

“Maybe...”

“Well, maybe try to talk to him? Apologize if you want, that might help, and maybe suggest going out or something. Do some bonding activities. After my heat, Skeppy and I tried to bake some muffins together.” The Omega sighed happily. “The kitchen was a mess but it was a lot of fun.”

He hears the door of the house clicking open. George sits up from the bed. “Dream’s home.”

“That’s your time to go fix some things,” Darryl winks. “I’ll talk to you later, tell me how it goes!”

“Thanks for helping me out, Darryl,” George smiles.

“Of course! Bye now!”

The line cuts off. He stands up, leaving the bedroom to the living room. The Alpha seemed to be taking off his tie near the couch.

“Welcome home, Dream,” George greets, standing awkwardly near the bedroom door frame.

“Hey,” Dream replies, not bothering to look up at him.

George heads to the couch, sitting on it. “Did you wanna watch a mov-”

“I’m going to be doing some work in the room, let me know if you need anything.” The Alpha heads off to the room, grabbing the untied tie he left on the couch with him.

George feels disappointed and disheartened. He knew that Dream was busy but he doesn't usually do the amount of work he does now. The Alpha always claims to be "working" but he knew deep down that he was just avoiding George.

The Omega feels his heart break slightly. How was he supposed to fix this?

Chapter End Notes

My Discord: <https://discord.gg/tNhwnUyesb>

My Twitter: <https://twitter.com/wolfvixenleap>

Chapter 19

George shifts around on the bed, turning over to the side, back facing Dream on the bed. His eyes were still closed, trying his hardest to fall asleep, eyebrows furrowed in discomfort. After another minute of uncomfortable squirming, his eyes opened, half lidded. He looked towards the clock hanging on the wall - it was only three a.m.

The Omega sits up, yawning, and quietly gets up from the bed, careful to not wake Dream, who was snoring softly beside him. He heads to the bathroom and brushes his hand on his forehead, wiping a light sheen of sweat away. George looks up at the mirror, seeing his skin quite flushed.

Then he freezes, eyes blown wide open.

There was no way his heat came. He had made sure to take his suppressants everyday.

His heartbeat started to increase and his temperature was gradually rising. George scrambles out of the bathroom as quietly as he can, closing the door to the bedroom, hoping that he hadn't woken up Dream, whether it was by sound or by his new heat-scent.

George pants softly, grabbing the top of his white tee, waving it snappily to try cool himself off. It was nearing autumn and he had noticed that the air has been getting cooler nowadays. Taking a short walk should help cool him off, especially in the chill breeze of the late night. Besides, he wouldn't want Dream to find out.

His movements get more sluggish by the minute. After a five minute stroll, he leans against a wall, cheeks with a vibrant blush and panting. He flinches when he hears a high pitched whistle - a cat call.

"What do we have here?" A voice - a man's - whistled. "A bitch in heat, eh?"

George snaps his head around at the voice, eyebrows furrowed angrily, finding two more of his drunken companions next to him. "I'm not in heat!" he growls.

The men laughed, one of them pinning him against the wall, pressing his face against his scent mark. "S-stop!" George shouts, weakly pushing against the man. It doesn't help that he can feel that he's slowly losing strength.

"Ah, just as we smelled," the man grins. "An Omega in heat. Quite rare you know, to see a male Omega roaming about."

Then George smelled it. The musky scents of an Alpha. Or should he say three Alphas. All three men smelled different, but George knew they were all Alphas, all strong, distinctive scents.

He feels himself slowly succumbing into heat daze. Slick starts to drip down from his ass, sticking grossly to his inner thighs. "L-let go," George gasps.

He feels a hand groping his ass and another rubbing his crotch. "S-ah! Stop please," the Omega whines. George feels himself getting more and more wet, eyes widening in panic.

"Why should we?" An Alpha sniggers. "I see that you only have a half-claim. Your Alpha doesn't even *want* you." The Alpha's hand snakes from his hips up and under his shirt, pinching a nipple. The Omega cries out softly. "But we'll take care of you," the Alpha leans to his ears, teeth biting his lobe. George winces in pain. "And we'll fill you with *pups*," he whispered into his ears.

Panic rouses him from his heat daze and he starts to struggle again, albeit weakly. "No, I don't want pups." George feels a hand under his sleep shorts. He flinches from the cold touch of the hand. The hand roamed, invading all of him, before a finger rubbed against his hole. "Stop! Please," George pushes weakly against the Alpha on top of him. The Alpha grabs both his wrists, pinning them above his head on the wall of the alley. The Omega cries out when the finger finally breached his hole. Slick starts to flow faster in a vast amount, staining his shorts.

The dominant Alpha licks his claim mark. "Since your Alpha doesn't want you," the Alpha nips at it. "Then *I'll* claim you."

A loud snarl and a crunch startles George from his panic and fear to a sudden shock and relief. The Alphas let go of him and he slid to the ground, adjusting his shirt back upright, for it had started to fall off one shoulder and pulled his pants up from the Alphas who had pulled it down slightly.

He looks up to find an Alpha, *his* Alpha, pinning the dominant Alpha onto the wall, a fist on the collar of his dress shirt, pushing him up against the wall. George looks down to see that the other Alpha's feet weren't even touching the ground.

"You will not claim my Omega," Dream growls, his scent was dense with rage. George's inner wolf cowers, afraid that his Alpha was upset at him. The Omega couldn't help but shake slightly.

"Hey what are you Alphas fightin' on about in front of my bar!" A man shouted. "You're disturbing my patrons!"

Dream flashes him a glare before turning back to the Alpha he was holding up, throwing him to the ground. "Then make sure your patrons stop harassing Omegas, especially if they are claimed."

His Alpha lifts him up, bridal style, walking away. "Shh," Dream coos. "You're safe now." George moans softly, eyes half lidded. He felt himself calm from the calming pheromones his Alpha was releasing.

"D-dream," George whispers. "I-"

His Alpha hums. "You're in heat, I know." The grip on him tightens. "I don't know how and I don't know why but don't worry, I'll take care of you. I won't let another Alpha touch you."

After what felt like an excruciating long walk back to their home, Dream places his Omega gently on top of their bed.

"It hurts," George whimpers.

Dream looks down at his Omega. George's eyes, normally a bright brown, was dull, hazed with arousal and his heat daze.

And oh does Dream want to just mate his Omega right then and there.

The Alpha licks his dry lips, eyes darkening with lust for a second before brightening back to his usual green. No; he mustn't. Being mated isn't what his Omega wants and he shall accept this.

"It's hot," George says softly, voice sounding strained. The Omega uses a hand to lift his shirt up, exposing his hardened nipples and his other hand pulling down his shorts, erection springing out, leaking precum.

Dream swallows, clearly hard himself. His inner wolf howls at him to take the chance and mate what is rightfully his.

“Alpha,” George moans. “Breed me, please...”

No! It's not what he wants! It's just the heat talking.

He shakes his head furiously before getting upright and leaving the room, shutting the door behind him. Dream goes to the other bathroom, splashing cold water on his face.

“Fuck,” he curses, looking down at the tent George caused him to set.

He can still smell him, despite the Omega being in the other room. The sickening sweet smell of heat really does stink the entire house. Well, it didn't stink, it smelled great, to him at least. He stiffens when he starts to smell the distress mingling in the heat scent.

Idiot. His wolf must have thought that I had rejected him.

Dream hurries back into the room, slamming open the door. He didn't think his dick could get any harder. He was wrong.

The Omega was now naked, clothes thrown carelessly on the edge of the bed, laid on his stomach, ass propped up as he fingered himself with two fingers, prettily moaning. Instantly, he can smell the distress fading away.

“Alpha...” George moans. “Help me... Breed me, knot me.”

“Baby,” Dream climbs onto the bed next to him, two fingers grabbing his chin, turning his head towards him. “As much as I want to, I know you don't want that.”

George can only look at him with those dazed, dull brown eyes.

“Though, I can help you though. Is that okay?” Dream asks. He knows that George wasn't in his right mind, but he also knows that it would be painful for an Omega to experience a heat without an Alpha's touch.

“Yes, Alpha, touch me,” George breathed softly. A small part of him, the one not blocked by the heat daze, secretly wondered if Dream would take this opportunity to mate him, breed him, because that was what he wanted, wasn't it? To mate and breed him so George could carry his pups? Taking advantage of an Omega in his first heat while begging for him to knot him when he truly didn't want a knot.

Dream leans towards George, giving him a gentle kiss to which George melted into, whimpering slightly. He pulls George towards him, hand on his lower back, pressing his own erection at his Omega's. The slick staining his joggers. He couldn't help but buck and rub against George in his pants.

George lets out a soft cry of desperation. “Alpha I need your knot,” George begs. “It hurts.”

The Alpha growls, conflicted and dick growing harder than needed. Just knot him, give your Omega what he wants. Look at him, he's in pain without your knot. His wolf sounded so sweet and convincing. We could have the pups we want.

Instead, Dream pushes George away softly. Standing up and leaving the room, closing the door, but not without smelling the slight distress that soured the overly sweet air. He takes a deep breath. No matter what, he can not knot George. Yet, his instinct tells him to knot him. He had already claimed him, so his Omega couldn't do anything even if he were to knot him.

He takes another breath before stepping into the room again. There he finds George, tangled in the bedsheets, head on Dream's pillow and fingering himself, moaning. Half lidded eyes following his figure. "Alpha..."

He sits on the bed beside the Omega. "Do you have a toy we can use?"

George shakes his head, before letting out a longer moan, finger still working desperately to imitate an Alpha's cock. Dream keeps a mental note to buy a toy for George so he can help himself without risking an Alpha's knot.

Dream leans down, giving him a kiss again, hand lowering to his to remove his fingers in his ass. He pulls away from the kiss, looking down at the Omega. He looked so fucked out already. Hair a mess, cheeks flushed red, and eyes half lidded. He scoops up the slick that had built up rubbing his own fingers wet with it.

"Alpha?"

Dream works his fingers into George, two fitting inside easily from all the stretching George had done. The Omega gasps and lets out a series of moans as Dream gently thrusts his fingers in and out. His long fingers reaching places George could never reach by himself.

"More," George moans out.

"It'll be easier if you flip over, sweet Omega," Dream says softly, pulling his fingers out.

George immediately obeys, flipping onto his knees and forearms, presenting his ass in the air. He continues thrusting with two fingers, and after some seconds, he decides to add in another while curling them and pressing against the sweet spot. His Omega jerks with the sudden jolt of pleasure, moaning, ass pressing back against his fingers.

Dream groans, taking his cock out, his left hand stroking it in pace of his fingering. He goes faster and George moans, slightly shaking at the change of pace.

"Alpha~" George groans. "I'm close."

Dream only growls as he stops stroking himself to focus on bringing his Omega into climax. It wasn't long until George came with a cry. Then he focuses back on himself. He feels his knot starting to expand, indicating how close he was. His inner wolf snarled at him to knot the Omega laying so prettily right next to him. To shove his cock in there and knot him, filling him up with his seeds.

Instead, he came in his hands, pushing into his hand, like it was an Omega's hole and bites his right forearm as if he was giving an Omega a mating bite.

After a few minutes of calming down, he lets go of his arm. A noticeable bite mark on it with a trickle of blood from where his teeth had pierced his skin. He checks on his Omega, who seemed to have fallen asleep from mere exhaustion.

Dream sighs as he walks to the ensuite bathroom, cleaning himself up before turning on warm water, drawing a bath for his Omega to soak in. He thought it'd be best for his Omega to wake up clean rather than in a bed of his own slick and cum.

He picks up the sleeping Omega gently and carries him into the bath. He sits next to him on the bathroom floor, waiting for the Omega to rouse, whenever that may be. George is his responsibility now and he won't let any Alpha near him

Chapter 20

Chapter Notes

Discord- <https://discord.gg/KDsCFEXEU2>

Wattpad- <https://www.wattpad.com/user/vixenleap>

Twitter- <https://twitter.com/wolfvixenleap>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It has been several days into George's heat and Dream was really starting to struggle with his control. His Omega's scent has been increasingly harder to ignore, getting sweeter day by day. His inner wolf growled, upset at him, angry and confused why he didn't mate a perfectly suitable Omega right in front of him. But after living with George for a month, the Omega has convinced him to change his views. Though, he still wouldn't mind if George were to give up on school and just become a normal Omega.

Pups can wait, he suppose.

Dream looks down at the older male, sleeping soundly against him, face against his chest. He still doesn't know what to think about him, especially since the other week, he had just found out about the suppressant pills that the Omega has been hiding. It still hurt that George was hiding it from him. He thought that they had built enough trust over the weeks.

It hurt.

George slowly blinks open his eyes, immediately feeling the heat once again, his body quickly rising back in temperature. He rubbed his thighs together, starting to feel aroused. He bites his lips gently. He still hasn't been mated or knotted yet.

"Alpha..." he breathes out.

Dream immediately shifts next to him, tilting his head slightly. "George? Are you okay?"

George moves closer to the Alpha, borderline about to cry. "Does Alpha not want me? Have I been a bad Omega?" George whimpers.

"You're not in your right mind, you're in heat right now." Dream says firmly, though as slick begins to leak out of George, the pheromones were starting to affect him. He took a deep breath to calm himself.

The Omega moans softly. "Please fuck me, knot me, breed me, make me your mate."

If Dream were to say that he wasn't extremely turned on by his Omega's begging, then he'd be a liar.

He let out a deep growl as he towers over George. The Omega immediately spreads his legs, curving them around his waist.

"Sorry, I won't fuck you, Omega, but this will do for now," mumbled Dream.

He positioned himself, his clothed dick rubbing against the Omega's smaller one. He rolled his hips, grinding against the other. George lets out a soft moan, throwing his head back with his eyes closed. Dream growls as he begins to grind on top of George with more pressure and speed.

"A-alpha-" George whimpers.

Soon after, the Omega lets out a sudden high pitched gasp. Dream can see the stain that began to appear in the Omega's sleep shorts. He was still hard but right now, only George mattered. He gets up from the bed, George's sleepy gaze following him.

"I'll be right back," he promises.

He goes towards the bathroom and draws another bath. Going into the closet, he brings out a new set of clothes, another oversized t-shirt and some comfortable sleep shorts.

Dream heads back to the bedroom and gently, but easily, picks up George to the bathroom and helps him out of his clothes before placing him into the bath. He takes some shampoo and starts to wash George's hair.

"Alpha?" George asks timidly.

"Hm?" Dream replies, scrubbing George's scalp gently.

"Am I a bad Omega?"

Dream stops, dipping his hand in the water to rinse off the excess soap. "No," he answers, grabbing the shower head and begins to wash off the shampoo from his hair. George instinctively closed his eyes to avoid water from getting into his eyes. After the shampoo was washed off, he took some soap and a scrubber and began to clean George.

"Then why won't you mate me?"

Dream continues. "Because I don't want you to regret it after your heat."

"Would I really regret it?" George mumbles softly. "I'm your mate right?"

Nervously swallowing, he nods. "Yes, you are."

"Okay."

Chapter End Notes

Short chapter, sorry

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!